

MAURICE POWELL:

AN

Historical Welsh Tale.

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OF

ENGLAND'S TROUBLES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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MAURICE POWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Elizabeth arrived at Oxford with her father, and found herself suddenly environed by the blaze of splendour, pageantry, and bustle, that, even to the last, attended the court of the unfortunate King Charles, she felt a genial warmth communicated to her heart by the semblance of security in every object that met her eye, which had been accustomed to glance around in timid haste during their journey, and to view every traveller with suspicion. The magnificence of the buildings, the congregated nobility and gentry, vying with each other in the race of hospitality and display, might

have deceived one who knew something more of the world than the Cambrian mountain nymph. Willingly did she resign herself to the pleasing delusion. Surrounded with happy faces, she saw not that, beneath the simper acquired by habit, lay hid an unquiet mind; that a cheerful mien was assumed to hide vexation of spirit; nor suspected that the light, sylph-like form, which floated aërially down the dance, "redolent of youth" and beauty, was the casket of a heart oppressed even to the verge of breaking, and heavy as the molten gold.

Day passed after day, during the time her father remained on garrison duty, in a constant round of amusement, until Elizabeth began to look back upon her former life with wonder, and regret that she had lost so many years, vegetating only, as it were, like a heath flower in the desert air: but, after his departure

for the army, the scene was entirely changed; and seldom, except when his Majesty paid Oxford a visit, could the little circle of friends, in which she found herself circumscribed, be roused from the gloom that overshadowed them. His Majesty's appearance was a signal for general festivity, and pervaded the city like an electric shock. Christ Church, where he lodged, was beset, inside and out, by the zealous, the parasitical, the inquisitive, and the needy. The public walks, and the whole city, assumed an aspect of gaiety, like the hectic on the pale cheek of consumption, flushed by a thrilling mental spasm, and exhibiting the semblance of health, only to mark more strongly the progress of decay. Oxford then contained the mothers—the wives—the daughters—the sisters—the beloved of those who had gone forth to the battle. It was the city of refuge

for united rank and beauty. Those, whom the rude winds of heaven had scarcely been permitted to visit, were here deposited, as in a sanctuary, while the country was scoured by successive parties of the rebels; and the domains of their forefathers—the scenes of their childish pleasures and maturer joys—the Elysian abodes, which taste and beauty loved to decorate in peace, were left, like a noble and favourite tree, standing majestic and lonely amid an inundation. The first rush of the torrent ploughed up the turf, and laid bare the roots—now it has borne away every surrounding object; and, as we gaze, it seems trembling, and rocking to and fro.

Equally uncertain were the possessions of most persons who were faithful to their King: yet, such is the influence of habit, and the waywardness of the children of fortune, that, even at this period,

petty rivalry in dress, masques, and various entertainments, blazed out in full vigour, to the great relief of many a thoughtless mind.

When the conferences for a cessation of hostilities were at an end, in the middle of April, Elizabeth became thoughtful and serious.

Then followed the alarm of an expected siege by the Earl of Essex, which was succeeded by scenes of triumph, in which Prince Rupert was the hero of the day,* sallying out constantly, and returning victorious, amid the acclamations of the people.

Then the second campaign, as it was called, of 1643, commenced; and Elizabeth found herself among helpless crowds,

* It was in one of these excursions that the celebrated Mr. Hampden was mortally wounded, at Chalgrave Field, as he was fighting on the Parliament side.

without a friend. Time rolled heavily away, till the news of her father's death, at Bristol, plunged her into a melancholy torpor, from which she recovered after a few weeks, by the imperative summons of necessity. One morning, her hostess, who had been selected by her late father more from early recollections, and the manner in which she spoke of Queen Elizabeth's court and her friend Miss Owen, than from a thorough knowledge of her character, addressed Elizabeth : " Pray, my dear, have you heard from your brother lately ? " " Not since the letter which announced my father's death," replied Elizabeth, mournfully ; " and his own intention of going into Pembrokehire. I do hope soon to hear that he has joined the army before Gloucester." " Heigh, ho !" sighed Mrs. Sandford, bending over a piece of needle-work, " you see I am as low-spirited as

you, my dear. Heaven only knows what is to become of us. They said last night, at Lord Digby's, that the Earl of Essex, with a large army from London, is on his way to Gloucester: but they don't seem to fear him; and little Jeffery Hudson,* the King's dwarf, who has got a troop of horse, says that the Earl has nothing but London apprentices with him, and that sort of low fellows: but, for my part, I don't really see what difference it makes to us what

* Jeffery Hudson, dwarf to King Charles I, was only three feet nine inches in height; he commanded a troop of horse in his Majesty's service; and, in 1644, killed a Mr. Crofts, who had ridiculed him, in a duel. There is still, over the entrance of Ball's Head Court, in Newgate Street, a sculpture of this gentleman, together with his fellow-servant, King Charles's Porter, William Evans, a Welshman, who was seven feet six inches in height (exactly double the stature of Hudson). Vide Penant's *Some Account of London*.

they are, if we are to be kept pent up here, as it were in prison, and starved to death."

"Starved!" exclaimed Elizabeth; "surely you must be mistaken, Madam; for I heard Prince Rupert himself say, that, even in case of a siege, the inhabitants need be under no apprehensions, for there was an ample store of provisions; and we have yet an open market from the country." "Very true, my dear," continued Mrs. Sandford, without looking up; "very true:—but, my dear, what is the use of markets, or the country people's coming in to us? They won't *give* away their fowls and eggs, you know." Elizabeth dropped her needle-work into her lap, and looked steadfastly at Mrs. Sandford, whose attention was most earnestly given up to a delicate sprig in her embroidery. The idea of being burdensome, even for a

day, upon one who was a stranger in blood, roused the independent spirit of the mountaineer, and the blood mounted to her cheeks. Money calculations had never occupied her attention for a moment. Her lips quivered, as, with haughty tone and beetling brow, she pronounced the word "Madam." Mrs. Sandford's face was instantly suffused with crimson, but she did not look up. Elizabeth proceeded not: the remembrance of early days rushed upon her. She had spoken hastily once before her mother, when her mind was in a similar state of agitation; and that revered parent had recommended her to retire and think, whenever self-control had deserted her, ere she delivered her sentiments. It was a lesson that she had frequently practised, and *always* with grateful feelings: and, consequently, more by the instinct of discipline than any mental

exertion, she arose at the moment, and left the apartment.

Mrs. Sandford was an elderly widow lady, of cool calculation, and long experience in the various arts practised by those persons of small incomes, who reverse the proud ambitious determination of Lucifer; and, instead of thinking it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," are contented if they be but permitted to appear in the train of the great upon sufferance. She had contrived the plan of getting Elizabeth under her protection the first day on which the Colonel appeared in public at Oxford. He displayed a frank, soldier-like, open candour, that promised fair for those who wished to make a bargain with him: and, as he passed, the King was observed to smile with a gayer air than usual; which the penetrating eye of courtiers construed into a recollection

of former familiarity, and judged greatly in favour of the Colonel's promotion. It was at that moment Mrs. Sandford's eye was upon the veteran and his daughter. She met them at every party where she could gain admittance—hazarded the wearing something not very unlike an Elizabethan ruff—talked of the degeneracy of the times—want of gallantry in the men—Sidney, Henri Quatre, &c. to the Colonel; and of her intimacy and frequent visits in the families of the Duke of Richmond, the Marquisses of Newcastle and Hertford, the Earls of Carnarvon and Cumberland, the late gallant Earls of Denbigh and Northampton, and the Lords Falkland, Mowbray, Pawlet, &c. &c. to the daughter. Her assiduity had the effect of producing an intimacy. The unsettled state in which all families of rank considered themselves, prevented their inviting friends under a

roof which the occupier might be called to quit on the morrow. The Colonel was ordered to join the army ; and Mrs. Sandford, doubting not that he would return a General, offered her protection for Elizabeth, which was gratefully accepted, and repaid by a more substantial evidence of gratitude than thanks by the old gentleman at parting. With much self-complacency did she display her beautiful protégé, and congratulate herself upon having discovered the means of increasing her income and consequence at the same time. But the Colonel's death at once blasted all her hopes in that quarter ; and, the night before the conversation that we are relating, intelligence having reached her of his son's captivity, she resolved, as soon as decency would allow, to get clear of a charge which, instead of promising emolument, might involve her in serious ex-

pense and inconvenience. When, therefore, her ward had left the room, she began calculating that if Miss Powell was offended at what she had said, it was of no great consequence, for she had not spoken more than the truth; and every body knew that the Welsh are very hasty. "As for the world saying that I behave unkindly," said she, "I can tell my own tale, and will take care to be first, and pity her—besides, has not she plenty of other friends and acquaintance? Charity begins at home. Oh, here she comes." The door opened, and Elizabeth walked gravely into the room. The short period of absence had been far differently employed by her: she had reflected that Mrs. Sandford was not rich, that, in consequence of her father's death, she might not have been remunerated as proposed: but, to her sensitive mind, there was something more highly

offensive in the manner than the matter of the communication that she had just received. Her line of conduct was instantly chosen, and she determined to quit Mrs. Sandford as soon as opportunity offered.

Having made this resolution, she scorned to keep it secret; and when again seated, addressed her hostess: "Circumstances, Madam," (here she was interrupted by a momentary quivering of the lip at the recollection of what those circumstances were; but she quickly summoned fortitude, and continued): "Circumstances, Madam, have, as you well know, placed me in a far different situation from that in which I first entered beneath your roof—but, make your mind easy; I have friends yet, who will amply recompense you for *past* hospitality; and, for the *future*, be that my task—you shall no longer be burdened by an

orphan." "My dear Miss Powell," asked Mrs. Sandford, in an affectionate tone, "what do you mean? If I have said or done any thing to hurt your feelings, I am infinitely concerned. Pray, my dear, what was it?" "Oh, nothing," replied Elizabeth, "nothing. It is impossible for me to be offended with any thing that *you*, Madam, do or say." This was uttered in a tone of asperity, for which she instantly felt self-reproach: but, sensible of her own superiority of mind at the moment, she despised the petty grovelling disposition that could, deliberately and studiously, plan and execute a mean design, and then express astonishment that it had succeeded,

Mrs. Sandford felt, but did not choose to acknowledge, the implication of Elizabeth's answer; and, as she had previously planned, made a long speech containing expressions of personal kindness to

her DEAR Elizabeth, and finished by observing, "among *all* the *numerous* friends that you have in Oxford, whom, *of course*, you will favour with a visit before your departure, though you may find more of the elegancies and luxuries of life than my *very* confined income will afford; yet I am certain, my amiable friend, you will not be received any where with a more hearty welcome than beneath my humble roof." Elizabeth had time to recover herself sufficiently during this petty political display, to smile at the equivocal assertion with which it was concluded; for, most certainly, her reception had been warm on entering the room where she then sat. Her hostess had received her with that sort of exulting welcome with which a country gentleman would present a family tankard, filled with the best his cellar afforded, to refresh his sovereign when wearied with

the fatigues of the chase : and the cause was now apparent. “ It is indeed scarcely possible,” she answered, dryly ; and the conversation dropped, in consequence, perhaps, of the arrival of *Mercurius Aulicus*, the same newspaper that afterward met Emma Bagot’s eye, at Gloucester, containing an account of Colonel Maurice Powell’s captivity. Mrs. Sandford having glanced her eye hastily over it, and ascertained that the report of the preceding evening was correct, excused herself upon the plea of household concerns requiring attention, and left Elizabeth to discover the melancholy tidings. She read, and felt thankful that she was alone ; for, hardly could she have borne that her sordid hostess should have beheld the temporary abandonment of her haughty spirit to the fearful loneliness of despair. Her large dark eye was rivetted vacantly upon the wall for some

minutes, when, recovering herself, she started up, and, catching her breath convulsively, exclaimed, "Well—then all rests with myself—'tis well. Thank God! and the rough mountain breeze, I am not the child of luxury and dissipation, too enervated to rise from the couch of sloth." Saying these words, she walked, with hurried step, across the room, and continued, "Why, Jefferey Hudson is a captain of horse—ha, ha. Few of them can keep pace with my Dungleddy, I warrant; and whatever happens, there's the King himself on one side, and the Earl of Essex, who used to know my father, on the other." After this soliloquy, she retired to her chamber to revolve in her mind the practicability of making her way into Pembrokehire, where she doubted not to find every thing in peace and quietness, for it was impossible to connect the beloved spot of her nativity

with aught of tumult or disorder ; and there she should not only be free herself, but might be able to render some assistance to her captive brother. Having once resolved, she was not of a disposition long to delay the time of action. “ Hetty,” she said, addressing her maid, “ should you like better to stay here, or go back to Penleon ? ” “ Oh, indeed, to goodness, Miss Elizabeth, to Penleon,” cried the round-faced, rosy-cheeked girl, “ but how was we to get there, look you ? ” a tear starting to her eye with the question. “ Can you keep a secret ? ” asked her mistress. “ Oh, yes, indeed, indeed.” “ Well, well—we shall see—you can ride on horseback, I know,—so listen.” Elizabeth then unfolded her plan, which was simply to obtain dresses similar to those worn by the market folks, and endeavour to make their way across the country, trusting to the insignificance of

their appearance for security. She had provided herself with a map ; and long habit had used her to direct her course by the sun, when visible ; so that, by following bye roads, she anticipated a speedy termination to their journey. Hetty was to be mounted on a poney which brought her out of Wales, and was employed in the garrison, with the gallant understanding that, whenever Miss Powell wished for the animal, it was to be at her service ; and Mrs. Sandford had so frequently borrowed little trotting Davy, as he was called, that asking for him was unlikely to be noticed. Hetty's heart was warm in the cause ; she had seen enough of foreign parts, she said, and longed to get home again to tell her fellow servants about the war which she understood, according to her own opinion, as much of as Rees, or Morgan, or any of them. Accordingly, she went to bar-

gain for their rustic disguises ; and her sun-burnt face and robust figure were so well suited to her purchases, that no suspicion arose against her in the minds of the shop-keepers.

Notwithstanding her diligence, three days elapsed before their arrangements were complete ; and then, by the united toil of mistress and maid, two Anglo-Cambrian rustic dresses were completed. They consisted of coarse dark-brown kirtles, with red stuff petticoats, and black woollen hose. Their heads were enveloped, according to the Pembroke-shire fashion, and likewise to form a more complete metamorphosis, in thick folds of linen tied beneath the chin, so as to exhibit only the eyes, nose, and mouth ; above was a large slouch hat, and over all a grey-hooded cloak. The eventful morning came, and Elizabeth rose with an alacrity and lightness of

spirit to which she had been long a stranger. In fancy she once more inhaled the pure keen mountain air, and it would be wronging her to say that a shadow of fear passed across her mind. She was well aware that such a journey would be hazardous to men; but she did not mean to go near the seat of action; and, if they should, perchance, meet a straggling party from either army, there could be nothing alarming in the circumstance; for a soldier, according to her long established belief, must be a man of gallantry enough to escort two lonely females on their way, rather than offer them any molestation. Impressed with this idea, she had dismissed a plan which once glanced across her imagination, of obtaining an escort. "Why should I expose a few brave men to danger, both in going and returning?" she asked herself: "if they encounter a party of the

enemy, they must fight, or surrender themselves and me as prisoners—perhaps both : whereas two women cannot be considered as enemies by either party.”

Hetty entered the room with the sparkling countenance of one who is engaged in an enterprise which promises honour and happiness, and which must succeed.

“ Good morning, Hetty,” said her mistress ; “ did they make any objections to your having Davy ? ” “ No, indeed, not when hur said he was to go on a message for my young lady to Wolvercote,” replied Hetty ; “ but, at first, they did ask if he was for the proud old woman as always sent him back hot and all over dirt, and never so much as asked any of them to take a cup of beer.” “ Then, Hetty, you may go as soon as you please after breakfast,” said Elizabeth : “ here are three crowns to purchase any thing you may have forgot—

you shall see me in two hours from this time—be sure you don't forget any part of my dress.” “ It was done up last night, for fear hur should be hurried a bit, you see, this morning,” answered Hetty; “ you was not need, Miss, to frighten yourself: hur can wait by the hedge at the corner of the lanc, and see a good mile off along the road.”

After some further conversation, consisting of caution upon caution; recapitulated remembrances; rummaging of drawers and pockets; fearing something necessary should be forgotten; and various other cares, which accumulate at the crisis of action upon those who are unused to change of place; the confederates separated, and Elizabeth descended to breakfast. She had yet to ask Mrs. Sandford, plainly, whether her father had paid for her board and lodging; as, if not, she had determined, before her de-

parture, to dispose of some family trinkets (however painful the sacrifice might be) to the Jews, who were, as usual, upon the spot where scarcity of money was most likely to be productive of gain. After several efforts, she succeeded in uttering the plain question as to the matter of fact. Mrs. Sandford hesitated a few seconds, and then said, "Nay, my dear Elizabeth, why such a question? You surely cannot suppose me such a mercenary as to—no, my love, do not make yourself uneasy. We shall do very well; good management will do wonders, as *I* have long found by experience; and, now there are *two* of us, we must contrive accordingly—that's all—so let me beg, my dear, to hear no more of this, or really, I don't know what I shall think." "Madam," continued Elizabeth, with artfulness that was not the offspring of the moment, "I shall feel particularly ob-

liged by a direct reply to my question. My late parent was so regular in his accounts, that I must know, when they are examined; but, I am uneasy at the thought of his being indebted to any one, more particularly if on my account; and, finding unexpectedly in my trunk, that I have ample means—" Mrs. Sandford's eyes glistened with delight; but she was too politic to raise them from a cup of coffee which she was pouring out, till their expression was somewhat chastened, when, looking upon Elizabeth, in a most affectionate whine, she spake, " My dear girl—make your mind easy—perfectly so. I beg. Your late highly respected father, whose daughter I shall always love for his sake, as well as for her own—" Here a white handkerchief was called into play. " Ah! my sweet girl, he was too much a man of honour to allow a poor widow to run into expenses which, you

know, my dear, I should *never* otherwise have thought of—yes, my love,” laying her hand on, and pressing that of Elizabeth, emphatically, “ what he gave me at parting was *amply* sufficient, even up to the present moment ; and, for the future, even if matters were worse than they are, I am sure that every thing my house affords—” “ I am perfectly satisfied on that score,” said Elizabeth, bending in acknowledgment. “ Pray let us talk on some other subject.” Mrs. Sandford soon exhibited an unusual flow of spirits, and afforded no little amusement to her companion, who, being relieved from a weight that before hung heavy on her mind, and scarcely knowing how otherwise to fill up the tedious hour before her departure, listened to, and gazed upon her hostess as a character moving upon the stage of life with whom she had no common feeling or interest, unless

to take warning by her profuse blandishments, as men on shore view the breakers which threaten the mariner, merely as a picturesque object, relieving the eye from the extended sombre monotony of the world of waters. To such a mind as hers, however, the spectacle could not long be agreeable. A thorough contempt destroyed every vestige of anger that had lurked about her heart, and, more than ever, she panted, like the wild deer, to escape to the forest. When Mrs. Sandford was informed of her ward's intention to take an airing, she warned her to keep on this "side the river;" not to take any thing valuable with her, for fear; and, if she wished to extend her ride, offered to put off the dinner for an hour or two; an arrangement to which Elizabeth acquiesced, as it would prevent her departure from being suspected so early. Dungledy was brought, as the clock struck

nine, to the door, by a foot soldier : and the gallant animal bore away his mistress, dressed in her usual riding habit, with as stately and self-important an air, as though he sustained majesty itself. The officer on guard at St. Giles's offered a cavalier to attend her ladyship ; an act of civility which was as gratefully acknowledged as positively declined.

No sooner was she clear of the town, than Elizabeth gave the well-known signal to her favourite steed, and they cantered merrily along till Hetty appeared at the corner of a narrow green lane. " Oh, dear Miss, hur was glad you was come—hur thought it was a long time—but, indeed, 'twas not late—and, what a fine day ; this way," she continued, proceeding down the lane, between lofty overhanging hedges ; " here you must get down, Miss, and I will lead Dunny in." Elizabeth alighted, and was conducted

into a cow-shed, which communicated with a small stable. Her steed and little trotting Davy were made fast in the former, and the latter served as an attiring room for her change of character, which was speedily accomplished, much to the satisfaction of all parties, except Dunledi, who snorted, reared, and demurred strongly, against being compelled to carry a plebeian; but, after proceeding a short distance, he appeared to be convinced that his mistress was on the saddle. Pursuing a course toward Herefordshire, Elizabeth calculated that they should avoid coming in contact with any of the belligerents, for whom Gloucester seemed, at that period, a central point of attraction. At Baldon Bridge, near Woodstock, her heart misgave her at the appearance of two sentinels lazily reposing against the wooden rails, and looking into the river. "Let me speak to them,

Miss," whispered Hetty; "they shall be sure to know you was a lady by your talk." Accordingly, when they came even with the men, she boldly addressed one: "Can we get along to Cherlebury for the roundheads, think you? My aunt was mortal bad, and hur must see her directly." "Aye, aye," answered the man, "for roundheads or cavaliers either. You thinks yourself of mighty consequence, I'ze warrant. Where did ye come from?" "All the way from Oxford; and must get back again to-night too," replied Hetty; and in the same strain called out to her mistress, "Go on, Peggy." "That's too good a nag for a woman that Peggy's got," remarked the other sentinel, in a suspicious tone. "It can't be too good for him it belongs to, and that's Lord Falkland," said Hetty. "Aye, aye, how's that?" asked the other, "Do you know Tom

Davies then ?” “ Do I ?” cried Hetty, laughing, as she smote little Davy with the whip ; “ tell him you kissed Hetty Thomas, and you’ll see ;” and away she galloped after her mistress. The men were too much taken by surprise to notice, at the moment, the incongruity of merriment and anxiety to see a sick aunt ; and, when it occurred to them afterward, and the horse-women did not return in the evening, they agreed that the wisest plan would be to preserve silence—a precaution which was extremely fortunate for the travellers. At the close of a fine autumnal day, they found themselves in one of those long, narrow, woodless valleys, which, with alternate ridges of hill, are so common in the Cotswoulds, an extensive tract lying along the eastern borders of Gloucestershire.

The conversation between mistress and maid is seldom particularly interest-

ing in detail: we shall therefore briefly state, that, in the course of the journey, Hetty evinced plainly, that the various conversations which she had an opportunity of hearing among the numerous domestics at Oxford, respecting the manners of either party, were not thrown away upon her. She had the names of the principal commanders, she boasted, at her "fingers' ends, as pat as if they were all fellow-servants at Penleon—and if there was need, Miss, hur can talk as parliamentarily as anybody, you shall see;" by all which it appears that the affairs of the nation used then to be canvassed as much, if not as well, in the servants' hall, as in the parlour, and, doubtless, with more freedom; or those who felt a parliamentary bias would not have dared to utter their sentiments. At a point where the beaten track which they pur-

sued crossed a more public road, stood a small but comfortable looking inn, of so inviting an aspect, as to induce Elizabeth to decide on making it their resting-place for the night, notwithstanding a scruple which at first arose in her mind, in consequence of its proximity to a public thoroughfare. The landlord, a plain, rustic man, about forty, dressed in a smock-frock, welcomed them with a good-humoured smile, at the door, with "Your zarvent, leadies." The usual inquiries were made; and, finding they could be accommodated for the night, the ladies were introduced to mine hostess, a clean-looking body, about five-and-thirty, who was portioning large slices of bread to four fine healthy children, placed round a table, on which stood as many wooden bowls of milk. The whole bore an aspect of comfort, cleanliness, and good management.

“Thease leadies wants a bed to-night, missus,” said the landlord on entering. “And something to eat too, you see,” said Hetty, who felt by no means disposed to go to bed supperless. “To be sure,” said the landlady, dropping a curtsy; “but perhaps, Ma’am,” she continued, turning instinctively towards Elizabeth, “you would like to go into your bedroom first, and refresh yourself with a good wash—it always does me good after riding home from market along the dusty road—John Andrews! get a pitcher of cold water.” The order was scarcely issued before it was obeyed; and, on ascending to the apartment destined for their accommodation, the travellers were most agreeably surprised, to find two beds in a clean neat room, with enough of useless and ornamental furniture to indicate that the possessors were in easy circumstances.

Brazen dogs, whose figures were boldly thrown forward by the black varnished chimney-back, stood grinning in unison with square-mouthed earthenware lions "sejant" upon each end of the mantle-piece, guarding an allegorical piece of needlework, of which an effigy of Queen Elizabeth was the centre, while at her feet lay a confused mass of trophies, such as a ship of war, with "armada" printed below; cannon, with balls large as themselves, &c. &c. and a triple crown, into which the whole might have been put. When the landlady left the room, Elizabeth looked round with delight at the unexpected quiet and repose that presented itself. Some recollection, however, seemed instantly to cross her mind: the tear started to her eye as her hands were uplifted toward Heaven, and she sank upon her knees by the bedside, fervently to return thanks to that

Power which had both protected and directed her on her way. Elizabeth had strung her nerves to encounter rudeness, impertinent questions, and many imaginary hardships, when compelled, in her disguise, to take refuge in a public inn; and she was fully prepared for the trial; but the sudden accumulation of every comfort around her was too much to be sustained with apathy, and the fulness of her heart burst forth in tears of gratitude; as a wrestler, having gathered all his strength to resist a violent shock, falls prostrate if it arrive not at the expected instant. Hetty looked, for a moment, with surprise at her mistress; and then, without speaking a word, walked on tip-toe from the mantle-piece embroidery to her bed-side, knelt, and followed her example. On descending, the same neatness was apparent. "We have got another parlour, Ma'am," said

the landlady, as she spread a clean white cloth upon the oaken table where the children had eaten their supper; "but I don't like to put ladies into it, for fear any soldiers should come drinking here—we're obliged to let them have their own way now, whichever side they're of; and my husband has put your horses in a barn, at the end of our little farm-yard, for the same reason."

"Thank you," replied Elizabeth; "we should not like to be exposed to their rudeness." "You need not be afraid, Ma'am," continued the hostess; "we give 'em as much as they can eat and drink, and then they're generally satisfied, and behave civil enough on both sides; because they know my husband has got a little forward in the world by his industry; and we've got some land of our own; and so they want to get him to join in the war, but he keeps 'em

off, and asks, what's to become of his family and farm? and then jokes sometimes, and wants to know if all men were to go a fighting, where they'd get such a jug of ale as he can give 'em? Ah! I hope he'll always know better than to have any thing to do with 'em. 'There's my father—he has been a soldier all his life pretty near—he's seventy year old, and lives in a small cottage just at the bottom of our garden. He says always—John Andrews, never you pull trigger or draw sword for any of 'em—its hard to judge of the business they're disputing about; but its much harder to judge of the man you may kill and never saw before, and know he's your countryman, and has as much right to think as yourself all the while." Landladies are privileged to talk; and Mrs. Andrews entertained her guests with much volubility until their evening

repast was prepared, which was upon a par with all they had before seen, and afforded substantial gratification to Hetty, who pleased Mrs. Andrews much by conversing upon the mysteries of the dairy, and politely expressing great astonishment at the quantity of butter she made, though the little hypocrite afterward told her mistress that they made more from the same number of cows at Penleon. But she had been spending a few months in high life below stairs at Oxford; which may, perhaps, in some degree, account for her duplicity or good manners, whichever a pleasing falsehood ought to be denominated. After supper, the proposal that they should be treated as neighbours and friends in case any other guests arrived, was made by Elizabeth, and cordially agreed to by both the landlady and landlord, who had just returned from attending

to their horses. A friendly and familiar conversation followed, in which John and Dame Andrews gave a history of themselves ; and it appeared that the latter had been head-dairymaid in a family where John was under-bailiff. They had been married twelve years, had four children ; and by dint of hard labour, and, as John justly observed, through God's blessing, had the fore-horse by the head. "Missus and I, Ma'am," said he to Elizabeth, "be as happy as t' day's long—I goes out to zee ater the varm, and zhe do mind t' house ; and when I comes whoame at night, there be always a zmilng veace ; bless'ee, you knows 'tis all true," taking his wife's hand, while her eyes, sparkling with delight, were fixed bashfully upon the ground. Then he continued : "Aye—and, Ma'am, we've a had a blessed time for harvest-cart t' year zurely—

Did'ee mind the wheat-rick—a be bigger nor ever a was avore vor zeven year, I do think.” The industrious host continued to express, in his own homely way, the overflowings of a grateful soul for the happiness with which he was surrounded. The mother then related various passages in little John, Charles, and Bet's talk in the course of the day; in all of which parental fondness discovered something witty or laughable; and Elizabeth could not refuse a smile to the imploring eye that seemed almost merrily to defy her not to be amused by the child's archness. During this scene of happiness, the door slowly opened, and an aged man, whose few remaining locks hung hoary on his temples, advanced one step, when, seeing the guests, he drew back, saying, “I beg pardon—I did not know that you had company.” “It's father,” said Dame

Andrews. It was quite enough : Elizabeth recollected that he had been a soldier. The old man was requested to walk in ; and Elizabeth rose as he entered. " I am a soldier's daughter, myself," she said, proudly, looking at Mrs. Andrews and her father, as the latter hobbled round to the fire-side, casting a lambent glance, which said, " God bless you," at the fair speaker, as the words passed her lips. " Noa, noa—veather—thik here be your zeat, mun," said John Andrews, drawing the old man towards a large high-backed arm-chair that stood close to the fire-place. " No, John, not to-night, now you've company," observed the old man ; " that's the place for the master of the house." " Aye, aye," replied John ; " I do know that ; and, as I be measter o' th' house, I'll ha my own way—zo, zit'ee down, do'ee ;" and he good-humouredly pushed the

veteran into the post of honour. "Come now, deame," he then continued, "go'ee and drar veather a jug of double beer out o'number dree, and mayhap the leadies may loike zum o' th' bottled zyder, as veather do zay be zo much loike the French wine champean." "God bless you, my dear son, for all your kindness," said the old man, fervently ; and, looking toward Elizabeth, resumed ; "Ah, Miss, if it hadn't been that I've such a good son-in-law, notwithstanding I've served so many years, it would have gone hard with me now, in these troublesome times—but, God will reward him." "A has rewarded me, hasn't a?" exclaimed John, somewhat hastily, "hasn't a gee'd me a good wife, and a healthy vamily, and a house, and a varm to keep all together? What wou'd a man ha as wou'dn't be zatisfied wi all that, I wonders?" When Dame An-

draws returned, the happy group was complete, and they sat delighting and delighted with each other.

To Elizabeth the scene was perfectly new. The characters before her seemed rather to belong to the antediluvian world, or the golden age, than to the existing race of mankind ; and she gazed upon them with a placid abandonment of feeling, by which she endeavoured to enter into and identify herself with their joys. Hetty, living in a humble sphere, might have been more familiar with such unsophisticated exhibitions of the milk of human kindness. Be the cause what it may, it remains to be recorded, that, after eating a very hearty supper, that industrious and faithful damsel, feeling somewhat fatigued, crossed her short fat arms upon the table, so as to form a cushion, on which she unceremoniously laid her head, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE evening was calm and serene as the minds of the happy inmates of the Sir Francis Drake, the hero whose effigy graced the vibrating wooden sign, elevated upon a lofty post by the high road-side, about thirty yards from the house, which stood upon rising ground ; the farm-yard and stables on one side, and the garden, extending to the high-way, on the other, so as to form an open space in front, the centre of which was adorned by an ancient wide-spreading beech-tree, encircled by homely seats, for the accommodation of weary travellers. On one side of the entrance-door was the best parlour, “ washed down and clean sanded twice a-week ;” on the other was the “ house,” or kitchen ; behind which the

party we left in the last chapter were sitting, in a small room, that Mrs. Andrews had converted from a scullery into a parlour, fearing her children might learn improper words and customs from the frequenters of the "house." The old soldier, warmed by good cheer, and the smiles of all around him, had, at Elizabeth's request, just commenced the relation of some passages in the low country wars, in which he informed her that the Earl of Essex, and Lesley, the Scotch commander, both learned their duty as generals; when the clattering of horses' feet was heard descending into the narrow valley; and, in a few seconds, an hallooing in front of the house announced the arrival of unceremonious guests. They waited not for invitation, but soon filled the kitchen and parlour, boisterously calling for provisions, and something to drink. Elizabeth timidly

looked through a small window into the kitchen, and with pleasure observed that the intruders were of the King's party "Which is the landlord?" asked a young man, about two-and-twenty years of age, habited as an officer, with a red sash, and white military plume in his high-crowned hat. "I be landlord," replied John Andrews; "and you may depend upon't, Zir, as your men shall have enough, and no grudging." "Serjeant Rogers," said the cavalier officer, "see that the men want nothing:" then turning towards Andrews, "We shall want something more, my friend, than a supper—so get together what provisions, of any sort, you have—give me the key of your granary—and, Tom Davies, you go to the fowl-roost with your brimstone." "Why, good Lord!" exclaimed Andrews, "what does your honour mean? we must have zummut to live upon ourzelves; and as

vor the vovls, why they be'ant much, to be zure ; but the eggs, you zee, with a bit of beaçon or cabbage, zarves our vamily." " Well thought of—we'll have some eggs and cabbage—no bad things," replied the officer, sarcastically. " If you don't feel disposed, however, to set about the business directly—we've no time to lose—so look at this," handing the affrighted landlord a warrant of Prince Rupert's,* that instantly convinced him of the uselessness of opposition. " For heaven's sake !" exclaimed Dame Andrews, issuing from the little parlour, " your honour surely would'nt

* Many sharply inveighed against a warrant of Prince Rupert's, commanding provisions and labourers to be sent to him, " upon your utmost perils, as the total burning and plundering of your houses, with what other mischiefs the licenced and hungry soldiers can inflict upon you."—*Whitelock*, p. 73.

think of taking all we have, and leaving us to starve." "Oh, ho! you've ladies here," said the young cavalier familiarly, as the sudden opening of the door gave him a view of Elizabeth and Hetty: "this is the room for me, then;" and, without invitation, he walked boldly in. Elizabeth rose at his entrance, with a stern look. There was, notwithstanding her disguise, a dignity in her appearance, which instantly checked the intruder, who immediately took off his hat, and expressed a hope that his presence would not be disagreeable to the ladies. He was a cavalier and a soldier; and, from the two characters united in one person, Elizabeth could bear much. "It is somewhat uncereimonious," said she, resuming her seat, "thus to enter a lady's apartment without invitation." "Really, Madam, I was not aware," replied the cavalier, "that any guest was here. It

is a sort of privilege we claim, while our men are carousing, to enjoy the society of the fair inhabitants of those houses which we are called upon to protect."

"But," said Elizabeth, "you surely cannot call this a protecting visit, when you seek to despoil those who receive you hospitably of the fruits of their industry."

The open thoughtless countenance of the cavalier was momentarily overspread with a gloom, as of some painful recollection.

"Madam," said he, "perhaps you are right—there was a time, and not long since, when I thought the same: but, since I have seen brave men in hunger, and knew that what miscalled humanity left behind in a foraging party, like this of ours, fell next day into the hands of our enemies, when it ought to have supplied their wants, I weigh things differently: but, enough of such matters;

my men will do their duty, no doubt, before we go ;” and throwing himself in a chair close to the door, which stood open, so that he could see and converse with his men in the kitchen, he issued several unconnected orders in a peremptory tone of voice. Pausing between each, he thoughtfully rested his head on a hand which, from its whiteness, appeared seldom to see the sun, while his right leg was extended so as to display a fashionable square-toed military boot, the knee-piece and spur-cushion of which were of crimson velvet edged with gold lace. When this display of authority and dress had lasted for about a quarter of an hour, he turned with an inquisitive smile towards Elizabeth : “ Perhaps you are a stranger in these parts ? ” Elizabeth was taken by surprise, and hesitated. “ Nay, Madam,” resumed he, “ I have no wish to pry into your secrets

—your speech belies your dress; and, if you will permit, our party shall escort you to the army, if that is your destination.” “No, Sir,” replied she; “my aim is to reach a home of peace and quietness, and my dress is such as I thought best suited to avoid attracting notice.” “For you, Madam,” said the young officer, gallantly bending to her, “no disguise could be sufficient for that purpose.” Elizabeth faintly smiled, and was on the point of acknowledging the compliment, when the window of the kitchen burst with an explosion, and the cavalier fell extended on the ground. A loud shout followed; and through the window, and all the doors communicating with the “house,” rushed men in motley uniforms, but all with orange ribbons on their arms, and a chalk line round their hats. “Stretch forth thy right arm,” was the cry, as their swords

glittered in the dim candle-light, over the heads of the astonished cavaliers, many of whom were cut down before they had time to rise from the tables. The conflict soon became desperate, but it was short, from the confined size of the room. Out of twenty men, who were at supper, fourteen lay dead or disabled upon the floor, and the remaining six called out for quarter. The young officer, who had been steadily aimed at, as he sat exposed to view, through the window, recovered at that moment sufficiently to rise upon his knees, and hearing the word "quarter," exclaimed furiously, "Quarter—no—no quarter—curse them—down with the roundheads," and he attempted to draw his sword. Elizabeth had hitherto sat inanimate as a statue, completely paralyzed by the frightful scene which had so instantaneously burst upon her. She became awake

to its reality when a tall figure appeared at the door, placed one foot upon the threshold of the little parlour, and raised a sword, threatening high in air, over the devoted and fallen young man. "Spare him," she screamed, almost unconsciously rushing beneath the weapon. "What have we here?" exclaimed the assailant. "What!—Is it possible? Miss Powell!"

The sword dropped in peace by his side; and Elizabeth recognized, beneath a round frock and slouched hat, the young American visionary, Henry Dormer.

"It is no time now to ask questions," said he; "I will provide for your safety. The visions I have had lately of thee were harbingers of this—but, these are not sights for thee;" and turning to the kitchen, he exclaimed, "See that none escape. Have the doors been well kept? Where's their muster-roll? You have

it, I suppose," turning towards the cavalier serjeant, who sat upon the bench, endeavouring, with his left hand and teeth, to bind up a wound he had received in his right, with most philosophical coolness. "Yes," he replied, "I've got it—but how do you suppose I can get at it, for this cut you have given me in the hand?" "Nay," said Dormer, kneeling down, "an it come to that, I'll tie it up for thee, too." "What, and thou a roundhead?" asked the serjeant. "Yes," replied Dormer; "now all is over, among brave men, I know no difference in parties. Thou art in the paths of error—that is thy misfortune—thou wouldst have done the same by me, I don't doubt," he added, as he finished tying the bandage. "I would have split thy scull too, if I could," said the serjeant; "but you were too quick for me." Then we're even again there," replied Dormer; "but

the muster-roll ; where is it ? ” “ It is of no use to you ; this is only a detachment from a troop ; but you’ll find it just here,” said the serjeant, pointing to a concealed pocket in his doublet. Dormer took it out, and, after glancing his eye along it a few seconds, continued, “ These scratches in pencil, I suppose, are against the names of the men you have here ? One, two, three, four,” and he continued counting till he reached one-and-twenty. “ One-and-twenty—that’s right,” said one of the round-heads ; “ there are twenty here, and him in the other room makes twenty-one.” “ He’s an officer—and there are one-and-twenty marked beside him on the roll. How’s this, serjeant ? ” asked Dormer quickly of the wounded man. “ I suppose,” replied he, “ the missing man must be Tom Davies, who was to get the fowls off the roost with brimstone,,

or some conjuring way he has got. If he's got away, ye must be cunning to catch him again, I'll warrant ye."

Dormer made no reply, but went instantly through the back-door into the small farm-yard. "What—ho—there," he called out, "you at the gate and stable-door." "All's well," was the reply through the darkness. At the moment he heard a rustling in the straw; and, creeping along the house-side, placed himself between it and the wheat-rick, which had been the subject of the landlord's boast, watching with lynx-like sharpness of eye the spot where the straw appeared highest. No motion was to be heard; and one of his men coming to the back-door destroyed his hope of starting Tom Davies, who, he made no question, was concealed somewhere in the yard. "What, Hewlett, is it thee?" he exclaimed, going up to

his comrade ; “ Well, man, wilt thou yet harden thy heart against this proof that visions are even now sent unto man ? Hath not the Lord dealt bountifully with us, and led us by paths we knew not to victory ? ” “ The Lord hath indeed stretched forth his right arm, and given us the victory,” replied the other. “ But *you* must have known the paths by which we came here before now, or we should yet have been wandering about the woulds.” “ See there my guides,” said Dormer slowly, pointing to the stars which appeared that night to glow intensely in the clear deep blue canopy of heaven. “ Bye-paths and roads which seem so necessary to you children of art are utterly out of my calculation. The instant I saw this spot on the county-map I looked upward for direction—but, for the lady within—did not I tell you she appeared to me in distress but

two nights since?" "Aye, and twenty other nights beside," replied his companion. "Well," said Dormer, willing to turn the subject, "I have now a revelation that there is a man hid in the straw just before us—he can't be a friend, by choosing such a place; and, if it should happen to be a pig, we shall soon know—lend me your musket." "Vor marcy' zeake," roared poor Andrews, "doant'ee vire—it be only I." "Well, come here then," said Dormer, "and say who you be." Andrews approached and announced himself. "Oh! the landlord—well met—where is your hen-roost? one of the devilish cavaliers is gone to rob it, and we must find him." "'Tis just o t'other zide o thik rick," replied Andrews, leading the way round his up-piled wealth. "Marcy upon's! what a z mell o vire." "It's brimstone," said Hewlett, "that they used to take

your fowls—God grant that they may have enough of it.” By this time they had arrived at the door of a thatched low building close to the wheat-rick. In vain they attempted to open it. “He’s here yet,” whispered Dormer to his companion; “go back, and procure assistance, a hatchet or iron bar—come back, landlord,” taking Andrews by the collar, and drawing him under the overhanging rick. “Stand you there quietly, and watch if the door moves.” Hewlett soon returned with two of his comrades, and the door was broken open. A cloud of thick suffocating smoke issued and enveloped the party, who quickly drew back several yards; and it was well for them that they could not enter, for in an instant after an explosion took place, and flames burst through the thatch. The inevitable destruction of his property seemed to deprive the unhappy Andrews

getfulness, when, as if by a sudden effort, she looked upon her two children and then upon her husband, and lowly murmured, "We had two more, John," as her head fell upon her shoulder. Elizabeth resigned the patient to the old soldier her father, while she ascended the stairs, brought down the two sleeping infants, and placed them in Andrews's arms exactly opposite their mother, by whom they were recognized with tears of joy, on her recovery. By this time the fire had acquired such power and fierceness, that escape only was to be thought of. Dormer entered the kitchen, and barred the back-door. "Put something wet there—a blanket, or some such thing," said he to one of his men, "that it may keep out the fire till the wall's burnt, for it must all come down." "What! all be burnt down!" exclaimed Andrews, "Aye, all, man—but I've no time to

talk to you now : if you mean to save any thing within doors, you must look about—we shall want all hands, my lads, to get out the ~~cavaliers~~ cavaliers' horses that were ; for we'll ride away upon the spoil ; and when there's a fire, they are not always to be got out of the stable—so come along.” “ Oh, but my wife, my deame, my children,” cried John Andrews. “ Well, man,” continued Dormer, “ they seem safe enough—you must expect women to be alarmed at such a time as this : but bring her into the open air, and tell her to pray, and—oh ! Miss Powell again.—Is there any service, Madam, that I can render you ? ” “ None, Sir,” said Elizabeth, haughtily, for she considered him as the incendiary ; “ you have destroyed my temporary asylum here, and the dwelling.” “ I ! Miss Powell ? ” interrupted Dormer, “ I ! God knows.” “ No, 'twas na he,” said An-

draws. "Then," continued Elizabeth "any kindness that you show this family I shall consider bestowed upon myself; and, as you afford them protection in calamity, may God——" "Amen," cried Dormer fervently. "Is there aught else?" "Nothing that I think of," replied Elizabeth. "Oh, yes, yes, indeed, indeed there was Davy and Dunny in the barn," cried Hetty, running from the back parlour, where she had been concealed in a closet ever since the commencement of the conflict. Dormer recollected her, and understanding what she meant, left the house without making any other reply than "Very well."

By degrees the wounded soldiers of either party were removed from the house, and placed in the open space before it, upon straw. A few articles of furniture lay scattered around them, having been brought out by the men for their own

use, rather than to save them from destruction ; for Andrews did not leave his wife till she was safely conveyed into the garden, under the high hedge next the road, where he left her with Elizabeth and his father-in-law. The devouring element now triumphantly flashed its dazzling sheets above the humble inn, whose dark outline near the wheat-rick began already to be obscured by smoke. The crackling of the burning materials, the shouts and hallooing of the roundheads attempting to force the maddening horses from the stables, the low groans and murmuring of the wounded who lay just below them on the other side of the hedge, and the mother weeping with her children, formed a combination of horrors, which, though too appalling and numerous to be distinctly felt at the moment, haunted Elizabeth long after in her dreams.

The voice of Dormer was heard loud above the rest. "Is this," thought she, "the youth, whose whole delight, some few months since, seemed to be in rural sports?—who loved to meditate alone on the mountain, and to seek his God in prayer?" A noise, as of altercation, now attracted her notice towards the door of the inn, and, rising, she looked over the hedge and saw Dormer surrounded by several of his companions, endeavouring to prevent him from entering the house. "It is madness," exclaimed Hewlett; "the roof of the back room must fall in directly; the flames poured through the window a quarter of an hour since." "No matter," said Dormer; "if ye wish me well, detain me not—for I am called, and will go; and the risk, ye say, increases. Give me that blanket—remember the three children in the burning:" here his voice

was lost, as he dashed the door back, and entered the house. Elizabeth shuddered—a dead silence prevailed among the men till the door was again darkened by the figure of Dormer bearing something heavy on his back. “See ye there,” said he, advancing till he reached the spot on which the wounded men lay; “See ye there, and believe—he would have been dead else;” and placing the apparently lifeless body of Andrews on the straw, he fell exhausted by its side. Elizabeth had sufficient presence of mind not to suffer any exclamation to pass her lips; and, gliding quickly through a small wicket close by the house-side, she placed herself by the insensible Andrews, who soon recovered, having only been overcome by inhaling too great a quantity of smoke. His preserver lay reclined on one side, surrounded by his anxious companions, coughing and draw-

ing his breath hard. "Let me see him," said Elizabeth; "we women sometimes can manage these matters best; bring some water." It was brought, and Elizabeth held it to the patient's lips. "Drink," said she; "try, if it be ever so little." "What voice is that?" asked Dormer, opening his eyes. "Miss Powell!—there's nothing the matter with me—pshaw—what weakness—I've something in my throat, and here," pointing to his breast. "And on your face and left-arm, and hand," said Hewlett. "Pshaw—its nothing," observed Dormer; "yes, Miss Powell—I will drink—where's the landlord?" "Here," said Elizabeth, "and we know to whom he owes his life." "To God and yourself, Madam," uttered Dormer energetically, rising with an effort upon his legs. "Oh! if an instant of exposure to smoke and such a puny flame can do

this," stretching out his scorched arm and hand, "what must the pains of hell be, my friends?" "*You* will never know," said Elizabeth, speaking from the momentary warm impulse of admiration and gratitude, as she assisted the recovered Andrews to rise. "One who can do such deeds, and rescue a husband and father for his family—" "Hush, hush," hastily exclaimed Dormer; and after looking down upon her for a few seconds with a mixed expression of tenderness and pity, he turned upon his heel and walked off, ejaculating, "She is yet ignorant, alas! and talketh of a covenant of works—Yet, in thine own good time, O Lord, snatch thou so beauteous a brand from the burning."

His figure was soon lost in the darkness, which seemed of tenfold depth, as the fire illuminated every object near. Elizabeth conducted the unfortunate landlord

to his disconsolate and houseless family. It appeared then, by his unconnected relation, that he had gone up stairs to save a hoard of sovereigns and rials: but his agitation of mind had prevented him from finding them, and he was overpowered by the smoke. "Even our little savings gone," sobbed Dame Andrews, "that might have saved us from starving: but, thank God, John, my dear, you are safe." "Doan't'ee talk zo, Missus, a can't a bear't now," whimpered Andrews. "Come, my dear children," said the old man, who had been down the garden to observe the progress of the fire; "come, come along to my cottage—the poor little ones will be cold—come, John, help your wife upon her legs—do, man; and you, Miss; it's very homely—but it belongs to an old soldier who can sleep at the door upon straw." "Come, deame," said John,

getting up, and attempting to support his wife. "Come, vather be right." Dame Andrews was in the act of rising, when a tremendous crash was heard, and instantly succeeded by a blaze which towered apparently to the sky. "Oh! it's the roof," she exclaimed. "Oh! how the fire scorches me." The children screamed, for the heat became intense. "Stoop under these gooseberry bushes," said the old man; and, running to the hedge, he cried, "Holla! there, what! are the women and children to be burnt alive? How are they to get over this quickset-hedge as thick as two church walls, and the gate's on fire—A rescue for the helpless—ho! soldiers! soldiers! if ye deserve the name." "What are ye making such a bawling about?" asked one of the wounded cavaliers who lay below the spot where the old man stood. "Don't you see they've left

us to broil here?" holding up his cloak to keep off the heat. "But here comes the Captain of the gang." As he spoke, Dormer made his appearance. He had heard the crash of the falling roof, and the old man's cry for help. "What is the matter?" he called out. "The women and children are pent up here, and will be burnt to death," vociferated the old soldier, and his evidence was corroborated by cries in the garden. "What—ho," cried Dormer, placing his hand to his mouth. "Judah! Issachar! and Zebulun!" Three men came running instantly from the stables. "Make a gap here," he continued, pointing to the hedge. To the delight and astonishment of the veteran, the three men drew hatchets, and one a saw, from under their frocks; and a passage was soon cleared for the helpless prisoners. Dormer did not wait to see them come forth;

but, stepping aside, turned his back toward the flames, and appeared lost in contemplating the heavens. Hewlett came up, but, seeing how he was engaged, did not interrupt him. A minute elapsed in silence, when Dormer hallooed, "Reuben, Simeon, and Gad;" and three more men made their appearance. "Ah!—Hewlett—are you there?" he asked; "It is time we were marching—Are the horses all out?—Go you for them—bring them all here with the rest of the men—They've no troops nearer than Bradwell—but our work is done." "Madam," he continued, respectfully approaching Elizabeth, "shall we have the honour of escorting you?" In a few words she informed him of her intentions, and the place of her brother's captivity. "The forest of Dean!" repeated Dormer, with an air of joy; "then fear not—he is in honourable

hands : the grey hairs of old Simon Ayscough are like the calumet of peace in the hands of a giant. If you please, Madam, you shall see ~~your~~ brother at Gloucester—You will find other friends there too.” He then told her of Emma’s residence under the roof of Mrs. Flint, at the same time warning her against pursuing a long and exceeding hazardous journey. “Our army is gone forward ; and when the King raises the siege, if it be not already done, the country through which you must pass will be overrun by the German’s lawless troops ; but, you are free, Madam,” he concluded, bowing respectfully. The probability of seeing her brother and friend decided the point with Elizabeth ; she took an affectionate leave of Dame Andrews (who, notwithstanding her desolate situation, was with difficulty prevailed upon to accept, for the sake of her dear suffering children, a

small *loan* from her guest), and was soon mounted on horseback, and marshalled, as Dormer expressed it, “in the Ark’s-place,” i. e. in the centre of the cavalcade; which, it appeared, was arranged and marched in mimic representation of the camp of Israel; consisting of twelve chosen men, who were named and took their posts after the twelve tribes; * while their companions bore the titles of Gershonites, &c.,

* When the children of Israel were encamped in the wilderness, they remained stationary until the cloud was lifted up. Then Moses prayed, and the priests sounded the first trumpet; at which, Judah, Issachar, and Zebulun, began their march as the van-guard. The Gershonites and Merarites followed, with boards and coverings of the tabernacle in waggons. At the second trumpet, Reuben, Simeon, and Gad, rose up, and in their rear came the Kohathites (in the midst of the twelve tribes), bearing on their shoulders the ark, candlestick, table, &c.

Only eight prisoners, one of which was the cavalier-serjeant before-mentioned, were capable of travelling; and they were placed behind their conquerors. The young commanding officer, being too weak from loss of blood to join them, was left with the other unfortunates to await the return of Tom Davies, with some of their companions. The cavalcade proceeded three abreast at a slow pace; after Dormer had whispered something to the representative of the lion of the tribe of Judah, who was of an athletic powerful form, and mounted on a horse well calculated to sustain

At the third summons advanced Ephraim, Manassah, and Benjamin, following the sanctuary: and, at the fourth, Dan, Asher, and Naphtali, to whom the lame and sick were committed, brought up the rear, and were called the gathering host, because it was their duty to see that nothing was left behind.—Vide Numbers, ch. x.

his rider in the post of honour. Dormer rode by the side of Elizabeth in silence as they ascended out of the narrow valley along the high-road, which was strongly illuminated by the fire. When they had passed the summit of the ridge, and were descending into the next valley, which, from the sudden change, appeared wrapt in darkness, "Miss Powell," said Dormer, "you are free from the foolish terrors that torment other women, I know; that is, in a great degree; and you can bear fatigue—But, you have not yet been in actual service, and perhaps—" here he hesitated a moment; and then, as though suddenly recollecting himself, continued; "But, put your trust in the Lord; and believe that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge—So shall the overshadowing of fear avoid thee, and darken the hearts of thine enemies." "I

hope," replied Elizabeth, somewhat embarrassed; and, to say the truth, a little startled at the mention of actual service; "I hope that I feel a proper sense of gratitude towards my Maker for his protection—but, Mr. Dormer, you must not reckon me as a recruit among your troopers." "We may meet with an encounter to-night," observed Dormer. "The moon will shortly rise, and we shall be in the woods—I would rather be hunting the wild deer in America, or the hare with thee at Penleón.—This is a bitter cup; but it is ordained for me, and it has its sweets.—We have found thee; and thou art separated from the workers of iniquity; and may He who guides those innumerable orbs of light cast a pitying eye upon thee, and lead thee into the paths of life." They had now reached the bottom of the hill, and were enclosed in a narrow vale precisely

similar to that which they ~~had~~ just left. Dormer, who had been speaking in a low tone, and, as Elizabeth thought, with an uncommon degree of earnestness and agitation, gave the word "Halt," which was instantly obeyed, and he rode round his little troop. "Brethren," said he, "look well to your saddles and prisoners; we may have to ride far and fast ere morning—Lift up your hearts in prayer and praise—We have come far enough along the high-road to lead the enemy on a wrong scent—Now, follow me—Forward;" and he immediately struck out of the high-road along the valley, where the whole party continued their noiseless route upon the velvet turf; and when they were about to wind round a point, after travelling about a mile, were again halted by their leader, whose acuteness of ear distinguished horses on the road—all was silent as death, as they looked

towards the spot where the fire yet emitted a lucid glare, exhibiting a strong outline of the hill-top. "They are coming fast," said Dormer, alighting and stretching himself upon the ground; "so much the better for their comrades at the inn—we must remain still till they pass; for these narrow valleys carry sounds a long distance—hush—they are near the brow." A sudden clattering was heard upon the high-road as of horses galloping. "They have lost no time," whispered Dormer; "be sure that no man speaks before they are over the hill—they are near the bottom already." "Hurra for King Charles!—Hurra for the King!" shouted the captive cavalier serjeant; and echo reverberated the appalling sound along the valley, with a fulness that astonished the hearers. "Curses light on the fellow," exclaimed Judah; "this comes of showing

mercy—Where is he?"—"Here a be tied to my back." said one of the Gershonites. "Huzza—huzza for King Charles," again loudly vociferated the serjeant, as the word to halt seemed to come from the road, and the clattering of horses ceased. Before he could repeat the cry, the sword of Judah had passed through his body, and he hung a lifeless load on the leathern belt which fastened him to his captor.

"They have halted," exclaimed Dormer: "let every man alight and stand behind his horse; as, if they advance, it is barely possible they may see our white frocks." Elizabeth obeyed the order with her companions, who all stood in the dim uncertain light, their heads peering over their saddles, vainly straining their eye-balls to discern the movements of the distant cavaliers, who answered the shout of the fallen serjeant

three ~~several~~ times. All was then silent, till Dormer, who ~~yet~~ lay on the ground, whispered, "They are consulting, I think, or quarrelling." Elizabeth had just reached the spot where he was reclined, in order to hear what passed, when a flash was seen in the distance, and in an instant she found herself locked under Dormer's left arm, while his body was extended before her; ~~the~~ explosion of distant fire-arms was heard, and she felt herself more closely pressed to his bosom, while his right-hand assisted in repressing her weak attempts at deliverance from confinement. "Unhand me, Sir," she haughtily exclaimed, but in a low tone, "unless you wish me to call out for protection." Dormer immediately released her, whispering, "I don't understand etiquette or politeness, and would not offend you; but, as I love the truth, I cannot express sorrow

for having enjoyed a momentary delight—and a ball might have found its way here.” If the hue on Elizabeth’s cheek underwent any change, it was not perceptible in the darkness. She continued silent; for something, she knew not what, rendered it impossible for her to express either her disapprobation or forgiveness of his conduct. Where is the female heart that would not have felt warm with gratitude at such a moment? But, alas! how few ladies would dare to express their feelings in words; and, unfortunately for Dormer, the eye speaks not in darkness. The moving of the cavaliers along the high-road recalled him to his duty. “They are proceeding on their way,” he said; “few men can tell where a sound comes from at night—mount your horses, brethren; their faces are to the light—they’ll soon pass the hill-top, and then we leave them.”

As the ~~cavaliers~~ arrived on the summit, they became perfectly distinct, passing in review like shadows, as the fire glowed beneath on the opposite side of the ridge. "There are numbers sufficient," said Dormer; "Ah! and there's a banner—a pair of colours, I think." "Can't we take them?" asked Hewlett. "'Tis but saying the word," exclaimed Judah. "If the army were not advancing," replied Dormer, "we would have them; but, we lack time; I have given my word to the Major-General that he should see us in the morning at sun-rise; and we must beware of the neighbourhood of Sudely Castle in the day-time."

Resuming their positions as before, with Elizabeth in the midst, the round-head troopers then proceeded on their way.

CHAPTER XIX.

COLONEL POWELL had passed his time in weary monotonous captivity till the King's army abandoned all hopes of becoming possessed of Gloucester. Then all was hurry among the puritans, though Ayscough had not issued any orders. On the evening when the siege was raised, and the huts of the King's troops set on fire, as related before, the whole party were collected on the one beech knoll, lounging under the trees, or stretched upon the turf, laughing the retiring and baffled enemy to scorn, singing hymns, or praying for the utter destruction of all "malignants," according to their several tastes, when Ayscough slowly walked into the midst of them. His habits of seclusion, whether

from policy ~~or inclination~~, impressed his followers with high notions of his sanctity and fitness for the great work. He was, they all agreed, "highly gifted;" and his appearance among them at such a crisis, produced a perfect silence, which, after the expiration of a minute, the hoary chief broke, stretching out his arms toward the godly city, "'The righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the wicked cometh in his stead.'*" My brethren, it hath been our lot to remain in security and abundance, while the righteous have felt the pressure of want—Now hath the Lord appeared for them, and the evil doers and workers of iniquity shall receive their reward. To-morrow, at day-break, let every man gird on his sword: and let the remainder of this day be spent in preparing to load the

* Proverbs xi. 8.

beasts with the abundance of our stores, that it may be seen by those who have been in want, that there is yet ‘ a handful of corn upon the earth, at the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth.’ * Our duty is to watch, and not to be slothful, when opportunity offereth; for, let us remember, that the children of Israel, who would not go up to possess the land, when they were commanded, were for ever barred out from thence, though they prayed even unto tears.” † This announcement of the leader’s intention was followed by prayers for God’s blessing on their enterprise; in which Lucas and Watkins blazed as shining lights: and the scene was closed by a hymn well calculated to wind the en-

* Psalm lxxii. 16.

† Numbers xiv

thusiasm of the singers and hearers to a convenient height.

The next morning, Colonel Powell, having been duly apprized of his intended removal, arose before the sun, and found all the inhabitants of the settlement upon the alert. The women were lighting fires, scolding the girls for not bringing sufficient wood, praying, weeping, singing, and committing a hundred inconsistencies. The men were huddled together in the bottom of the pit, with a number of asses, whom they were unmercifully loading with sacks full of bacon, cheese, beef, venison, corn, &c. &c. the produce of their predatory excursions, or, as they vaunted, the spoil of the Egyptians. La Rose and Morgan, with their accustomed activity and thoughtfulness, had made ample provision for their master's refreshment : but,

as the dew lay thick upon the grass, it was not, as usual, placed under the favourite beech ; and, sitting at the door of the cottage in which he lodged, he had an opportunity of observing all that passed in the arena below, or the rugged amphitheatre around, which, confining sounds, caused them to rise and strike the ear above with hollow, deafening vibration. Pleased with the idea of changing his abode, he watched the proceedings of the crowd below with that interest which trifles always create in the mind, if connected with our own self-important movements. Lucas shortly made his appearance in the landing-place in front of the commander's cottage ; and, walking forward, stretched his arms over the busy crew, and exclaimed, " May the blessing of the Lord fall like the morning dew upon this congregation."

The men looked up, and all was instantly quiet. “ Are ye all prepared ? Are all things in readiness for our march ? ” asked Lucas, and a general asseveration in the affirmative was the reply. He continued : “ Our captain and leader is now, like Moses, lifting up his arms unto Heaven in our behalf. My brethren, let us join with him in wrestling, that we also may be blessed by our Father.’ The invitation, or command (for the two words are equally synonymous in the mouth of a puritan leader in the forest, as if spoken by a monarch on his throne), was instantly complied with ; and Lucas made good use of his delusive oratorical energy for near half an hour, when the service was ended, by singing the two following verses, which, it afterward appeared, were written by Ayscough for the occasion :

Arise, O Lord ! and, in thy night,
March forth with us, we pray.
Thou who didst guard us through the night,
Protect us through the day

Gird on thy strength, stretch forth thine hand,
And wave thy flaming sword
Protective o'er this chosen band.
Go forth with us, O Lord !

When this ceremony was concluded, Simon Ayscough made his appearance in a low-crowned wide-brimmed hat, buff doublet, side arms, trunk hose, and unwieldy boots, agreeable to the fashion of the day : presenting altogether, to Colonel Powell's eye, a most commanding and military aspect. Be it here observed, that the eye accommodates itself, in judging of the fitness, elegance, convenience, and beauty of dress, in a most extraordinary manner, to custom, fashion, or that which it has been used to notice.

For the truth of this, we appeal from the present habiliments of our readers, to the various gowns, bonnets, caps, coats, hats, boots, &c. &c. which have been consigned to the lady's maid or valet, the Jew, or old chest, though once deemed perfect specimens, by eyes now scarcely capable of beholding them without laughter.

Perhaps, for this reason, it is not always wise to describe the dress of individuals who are entitled to respect, when they happen to have flourished somewhat about two centuries since : unless, Quixote like, we professed to maintain the unparalleled beauty of the fashions then prevailing ; which we are so far from attempting, as to feel confident that a far abler pen must be employed to claim that superiority even for the modern inventions of Bond-street, or Parisian importations. A stout heart, a

Strong arm, a good broadsword, and a buff doublet, were the fashion in 1643 ; and, when combined, Maurice Powell admired them, even when possessed by an enemy. “ Let the men form outside,” said Ayscough to Lucas, “ and choose out a guard for the provisions.” “ It was all arranged last night,” replied the other, “ except one thing ;” and he pointed to the Colonel. “ I understand you,” answered Ayscough, and raising his voice, he continued : “ Colonel Powell is a man of honour, and has given his parole : his servant is faithful, and will not forsake him.” “ But that French fellow that we caught getting into the boat—” said Lucas, hesitating—“ Do what you will with him,” replied Ayscough, turning away, and walking towards the Colonel. The order was issued by Lucas ; and man after man, beast after beast, drew off from the pit, until all were de-

parted except Ayscough, who stood leaning against the door-post of a cottage, speaking occasionally to the men below, and at intervals addressing a few words to the Colonel, who sat within. When all were gone, he rested his eyes a minute in silence on the ground, in complete apparent absence of mind. It were a vain attempt, through that old furrowed, weather-beaten, impenetrable countenance, to guess what passed within. Recovering himself, he turned toward his prisoner; and in a mild, complacent tone, as though inviting him to a morning ride, said, "Then, now, Colonel, if you please, or—as soon as will be convenient to you," and, without waiting for a reply, he proceeded along a narrow path through the trees, to join his comrades. He had previously offered a horse to the Colonel, who declined it, on discovering that no one else would be mounted.

Well, Morgan," said his master, as soon as they were alone, "are we ready? I must ask you." "All was ready, your honour; your honour's luggage was no great matters, you see; and we was have half a donkey waiting outside the gat with the rest, if you was like to tak off your mail." "No, Morgan, I'll go as I am; the cuirass is not cumbersome, and may protect me from the insolence of the rabble." Morgan shook his head, and followed his master to the spot where their persecutors had collected, and were drawn up in a double line, forming an imposing front of five-and-twenty hard-featured, ruffian-like pikemen, supported by musqueteers, as a rear rank. Twelve men, of nondescript calling, but all armed, attended about a score of horses, mules, and asses, bearing and groaning under the "fatness of the land," of which, judging by appearances, the poor

beasts themselves had obtained but sorry share.

“ The roll is called, and the men are told off right and left, divisions and subdivisions,” said Lucas, advancing respectfully toward his commander. “ Send three men forward who know the country well,” replied Ayscough; “ for it is barely possible that some stragglers may be lurking between here and Gloucester: and now, my brethren,” he continued, walking into the front, “ go we forth, trusting in Him whose arm is not straitened—to whom the kings of the earth are but as dust in the balance—He hath protected and relieved our brethren in the godly city of Gloucester. Praise ye his name. Keep always in mind that He, whose angel slew an hundred four-score and five thousand of the Assyrians in one night, * is the same yesterday, to-

* 2 Kings xix. 35.

day, and for ever.” He then resigned the arrangement of the march to Lucas, who, drawing his sword, held it high in air, while in his left hand he exhibited a pocket Bible, in a manner truly theatrical. “Attention !” he loudly commanded, in a military tone, strangely contrasted with the whining key which succeeded it. “Brethren—ye have seen the wicked, in their might, approach the tents of Israel : and now ye witness their flight, even when no man pursueth, for they have departed even upon the tidings of Judah’s approach. Now, hear the words of truth ;” and he read from his Bible : “ The house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble, and they shall kindle in them, and devour them, and there shall not be any remaining in the house of Esau ; for the Lord hath spoken it.” He then so-

lemnly shut his book, deposited it in his bosom, and falling on his knees, clasped his hands (the right yet grasping the sword) above his head, and energetically exclaimed "Amen." The ejaculation was repeated by the privates in a strange variety of keys, making, altogether, an appalling discordant burst of mingled enthusiasm, rage, fear, hope, or triumph, according to the individual feelings of each. Ayscough's eye seemed to fly at the instant, glancing along the ranks, penetrating into the souls of his followers. Barrett, Watkins, and a Gloucester man, who was in his native place, were next chosen as their scouts, and marched forward. Shortly after the band commenced their departure, proceeding in small parties, agreeable to their own fancy, through the forest.

"Is every thing arranged to your satisfaction?" asked Ayscough, address-

ing the Colonel. "Perfectly," was the reply; and the speaker was walking forward, when Morgan, coming in front of his master, said, with a sorrowful countenance, "There was one thing, if your honour pleases." "What is that?" asked his master, somewhat pettishly, being vexed at the idea of asking any favour. "Why," said Morgan, "one good turn deserves another, hur thinks; and though hur might have made a shift, you see, without, yet, hur thinks your honour wou'dn't have had all quite so comfortable, look you, if I a Rose—" "True, true, very true," interrupting him, said his master; "what of him? where is he?" "See!" said Morgan, the tears starting to his eyes, as with indignation he pointed to the valet, who stood among the baggage, with his hands tied behind, and a rope which was round his neck secured to the crupper of an

ass. The poor fellow's eye caught that of the Colonel, to whom he addressed a piteous look, and expressive shrug of the shoulders : but, before they could be answered, Ayscough advanced, and inquired by whose order the prisoner had been thus treated. " Boanerges told I to teake care on un," answered one of the ass drivers ; " and that were the way as Garman Rupert and the devilish cavaliers sarved all the prisoners, gentle and simple, as they took at Cirencester ; for I see'd un. They were more nor a thousand, and they marched un away to Oxford, all pinioned, * and tied together

* The number of prisoners taken in this manner from Cirencester to Oxford was between 11 and 1200 ; among whom were two ministers, divers commanders, and others of good account.—*Rushworth*, vol. v. p. 131.

Whitelock gives the same account, adding, that the prisoners were " almost naked, beaten, and

two and two—but, as our t'other prisoners be loose, we made this un tight to an ass." It formed no part of Ayscough's duty to palliate the conduct of his foes: and he replied, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—thus will we deal with the oppressors—but this man is a stranger in a strange land, and was not taken in arms; therefore let him be set at liberty." La Rose was accordingly released by Gatto, the sailor, whose device it appeared to have been to "lash the French prize astern, to be towed, you see, by an ass."

This practical joke seemed to be highly relished by the puritans, and their disappointment was proportionate when

driven along like dogs." He concludes thus: "and the **beginning** of such cruelty by Englishmen toward their countrymen was afterwards too much followed."—*See Memorials of the English Affairs*, p. 64.

the Frenchman obtained his liberty. "Go forward," said Ayscough to Gatto and his companions, "and keep your eye upon the advanced guard." The smacking of whips, shouting, heavy thumps bestowed on the lazy or overladen beasts, and the clamorous farewell of the women and children, instantly commenced, as the cavalcade slowly moved forward. La Rose, anticipating that he should owe his release to the Colonel, had prepared, according to his own opinion, a speech fitting the occasion: but, unhappily, the discordant din struck up at the instant that he had advanced his right foot, gracefully waved his hat in his right hand, and placed the left, with due elevation of the elbow, upon his heart. Horror-struck, he looked round, started, and threw up his hands in despair; and so powerful are contracted habits, that, though the most re-

spectful terms were on the point of issuing from his mouth, the first words which escaped him were such as, for decorum sake, we cannot repeat, not having, like Sterne's Abbess of Andouillets, a partner with whom to halve them. The Colonel, unable to retain his gravity, turned away, and, accompanied by Ayscough, proceeded on their route. To an uninterested spectator, the scene which presented itself would have appeared highly picturesque, as the procession wound slowly beneath the trees, which rustled in the pride of many-coloured autumn, whose glowing and blushing harvest surrounded them when past the forest, bending the o'erweighted boughs of the orchard to the ground. Having entered upon the high road which leads from Gloucester to Newnham, they had proceeded along its winding course, between lofty hedges and apple-trees, about half

a mile, when Barrett made a signal that he had something to communicate, by waving his hat above his head, as he stood on a rising ground, about three hundred yards in advance of the main body. "Halt!" cried Lucas, and immediately went forward to Barrett, who, pointing toward Newnham, said, "That cloud of dust which you see moving above the green trees—see—look how it changes now, as the road winds." "They are horse, be they friends or foes," replied Lucas: then calling out to the main body, he ordered them to march forward; and, after commending Barrett for his vigilance, loitered behind until the Colonel and Ayscough overtook him. There was no one else by, the cavalcade being in the rear. "Any news?" inquired Ayscough. "There is a body of cavalry in our rear," was the reply; and they halted on the eminence, watching

the travelling pillar of dust. "They are at least three miles off," said Ayscough: "it will take them more than half an hour to reach this spot; and, if we keep on, we shall then be within a mile of Gloucester, in case they are the strongest. Have you informed the men?" "No," replied Lucas; "and Barrett is gone forward." "Then don't tell them till the enemy (for it must be a party following Charles) are near," said Ayscough, "or they'll be out of heart, and fancy they are pursued." Lucas went forward to rejoin the men, but he was too late; for curiosity had induced several to run and overtake Barrett, who immediately communicated his observations. The consequence was, that the whole party simultaneously made longer strides, as though anxious to arrive in safety at the godly city. The march soon began to assume the character of a

race, in which the bipeds seemed likely to distance their heavy laden quadruped companions, which were urged forward by incessant goadings. Things wore an alarming aspect ; and Lucas, with all his rhetoric, could scarcely prevent the elect from fairly making a run of it. “ Halt ! ” exclaimed Ayscough, as he turned a corner where he could be seen and heard by the men in front. “ Halt ! ” repeated Lucas, and instantly stood firm himself. Some irresolutely sauntered forward, as though they did not hear ; while others, ashamed to forsake their leaders, rested on their arms. “ Holla ! there, you in front—to the right about.” The men who had advanced looked back, and he calmly beckoned them to return. Serenity in a leader’s countenance and conduct effects wonders. They came back. “ Go, my brethren,” continued Ayscough, in the same measured, unruffled

tone, “ and assist those who have the charge of the asses and the baggage to urge them forward, for it seemeth as though they were weary ; and, peradventure, though the Philistines dare not show their faces, nor come up to battle against us as a body, they might carry away a beast laden with spoil. Therefore go ye, while they are yet afar off, and there lacketh not time—we will tarry here for you ; and leave your arms till your return, if they are cumbersome.” This speech, particularly the latter part, induced the renegades to obey : but they did not think proper to leave their arms ; for the rankest coward always fancies himself a better fellow if provided with formidable weapons, though conscious of his inability to make a proper use of them. To do them justice, they did not belong to the class of recreants ; but, they had never been engaged in mortal

combat, and, consequently, wanted that confidence which every soldier should feel in himself and his comrades, and which is the produce alone of the long and weary march, the night of alarm, and the day of battle.

From the spot where they stood, the road to Gloucester ran in a straight line for about two hundred yards, when it turned abruptly to the right, at the corner of an orchard enclosed with a lofty bank and hedge. Ayscough, accompanied by Lucas, walked to the angle, and discovered a small pond facing the road, to which it lay open, while the inside, next the fields, was skirted with thick overhanging bushes and trees. "Let our ass-drivers and awkward squad be placed with muskets among these bushes," said the old man to his companion ; and marking a line with his sword in the dusty road beyond the

corner, "let the rest form here, that the enemy may not see us till they are taken in the toil."

When the asses and their companions arrived, the former were turned loose into a field, and the latter were placed, with orders to lie concealed, and fix their muskets through the bushes, in the proposed station, so as to command the straight road. The remaining, or chosen men, were drawn up four deep across the highway, just within the angle, and, consequently, hid from the approaching cavaliers. This arrangement was not carried into effect exactly with all that precision which had been attained, and frequently displayed, on the one beech knoll ; but, when formed, the almost impregnable strength of their position was evident to themselves. "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands," exclaimed Lucas. "Watkins !" said Ays-

cough to the puritan preacher whom we have had occasion to name before, “ go you into the field behind the pond, and see that all things be in readiness ; the matches lighted, and the muskets properly levelled, so as to command the road—mind that they are not fired too soon, nor too high—wait till the first man of the enemy has reached this corner.” The Colonel, attended by Morgan and La Rose, retired from the highway into the field, and took possession of an elevated spot commanding the scene of action. “ Place a bough here,” said Ayscough to men who had cut some down to protect a ditch that ran from the pond along the hedge side, and flanked their position on the right (the orchard bank and hedge being on the left) ; “ and another here—reverse them, and catch the branches of one into the other, or tie them together with cords

—they are weak singly—but united, are, like true brethren, impenetrable—very well—fall into your places—that place is impassable for cavalry. The net of small cords confineth even the roaring lion.” He then leisurely walked round his men, examining the weapons and attitude of each, and communicating his plan of attack. All was then still. It was near “the grim and sultry hour of noon.” The beasts lay panting under their burdens, and the puritans stood in silence, which was interrupted only to each man’s ear by the throbbing of his own heart. At length the trampling of horses was heard. “They come!” exclaimed Ayscough, and, drawing his sword, took the right of his company. The sound came nearer, and the puritans began to look at each other; a symptom than which an officer had rather see half his men down. It could not be over-

looked by an experienced veteran like old Simon, and he instantly placed himself in front. “ ‘ Now the Egyptians are men, and not God ; and their horses flesh, and not spirit,’ ” * said he emphatically ; and, raising one of the kneeling front rank pikes, calmly proceeded, while his unruffled countenance exhibited not a shadow of aught but perfect confidence : “ ‘ That is about the height ; the nose is the only part of the horse that you need attend to—let the breast alone—the foolish animals are apt to press forward if touched there ; but, tickle their nostrils, and they’ll fly back ; and our brethren in the rear, by the blessing of God, with their winged balls, shall overturn both the horse and his rider.’ ” At that instant the enemy seemed to have entered upon the straight piece of road opposite the pond. “ ’Twould have been

* Isaiah xxxi. 3,

well if they had been three times as strong, that we might have had half an hour's wrestling with them," coolly remarked Ayscough as he resumed his post. The cavaliers had received information from some countrymen, who had passed just before the puritans emerged from the forest, that the road was clear, and were riding briskly forward, to pass Gloucester before there should be time for the besieged to repair various breaches in the long causeway and line of bridges which connect that city with the western side of the Severn. Carelessly they dashed along to the pond. The first man arrived at the fatal corner, and instantly fell, with three or four of his comrades, as a volley broke from the dark verdure of the overhanging bushes, which were instantly enveloped in smoke. "Forward—forward!" said the commanding cavalier officer, as he bravely

rode to the head of his men ; when, perceiving the position taken by Ayscough, he checked his steed for a moment, and waved his sword above his head, calling out aloud, “ Huzza ! my boys, quick—before their comrades at the hedge can re-load—we shall ride clean over them—now—charge ! ” and on they rushed ; but the effort was vain ; for the puritans, to a man, saw that flinching in such a place must be productive of the most fatal consequences. “ Well done, my brethren,” exclaimed Ayscough, as the cavaliers wheeled round to re-form : “ vain is man or horse, whose breath is in his nostrils, against those whom the Lord hath chosen. Ye heard them say ha ! ha ! and talk of treading us under their horses’ hoofs—but—see ye now ; ” and he pointed contemptuously with his sword to the ground where the dead and wounded lay. “ There is no time to be

lost," said the cavalier captain to his lieutenant; "this firing will bring more troops out of Gloucester." Then, raising his voice, he called to the puritans, "Will ye accept quarter, and surrender?" The words had scarcely issued from his mouth when a ball struck him in the head, and he fell lifeless from his horse. The deadly aim had been taken by Lucas, from a rest; and no sooner did the fanatic perceive that it had been true, than he started up, and in a frantic wild tone, amounting almost to a yell, exclaimed, "Died not Abner as a fool dieth? Quarter, indeed, for conquerors!" Exasperated at the loss of their leader, the cavaliers came on again, and fiercely attempted to penetrate the close ranks of their opponents, but in vain, till a horse bounding forward, fell, wounded, within the puritans' line. The poor animal, mad with pain, kicked those men who

were nearest to him, and broke the leg of one. This circumstance produced a momentary chasm, through which a gallant fellow dashed, was followed by another, and another, and all was confusion. "Fall with your backs against the bank and hedge," cried Ayscough, and a few instantly followed his advice; but the greater number scrambled through the ditch and fence, on the opposite side, into the field. "We must go forward," exclaimed the cavalier lieutenant to his men, "or Massey's people will be too quick for us after this firing. Poor Clifton was right—it grieves me to the heart to let these scoundrels escape so easy—but duty calls—our safety demands it, and so—forward." The word once given, they were soon out of sight, to the great joy of the puritans, who, by degrees, recovered from their alarm, collected their asses, stripped the dead cavaliers and

their horses, dressed their wounded, recovered self-confidence, and pointed out to each other a variety of ways by which the catastrophe that had occurred might have been avoided. They then, after praises for the overthrow of the Philistines, were allowed some time for bodily refreshment after their exertion, as their leaders wished them to appear formidable on their arrival at the 'godly city, for causes well known to the recruiting officer even of that day. The most unfortunate part of this skirmish remains to be told. Colonel Powell, too anxious, perhaps, to witness what was going forward, received a shot in the leg, which completely disabled him from walking. Morgan carried him out of the range of bullets, and was tying up the wound when the cavaliers made so precipitate a retreat ; so that he was not observed, or might have been rescued by them.

It appears that the cavaliers were part of a detachment that had been quartered at Newnham, but being absent on a foraging expedition, when peremptory orders arrived from the leaguer at Gloucester to march instantly, found their comrades departed on their arrival, and were following as soon as the necessary refreshment for their horses would permit. The foresters again proceeded on their way, and the Colonel, mounted on the horse of a dead cavalier, followed the pedestrians with feelings of unutterable mortification.

Ayscough's attempts to lure him into conversation served but more strongly to rivet his thoughts upon his fallen condition and faded hopes. Bodily pain was moreover added to mental anguish : he had been wounded without the satisfaction of striking a blow or rendering any service to his King—taken prisoner,

but not in the field of battle—had seen his brave comrades murdered and entrapped in snares to the preparation of which he was a witness, and beheld the flight of veterans from a company of recruits, avowedly because the enemy's power had overspread the country. Such were his bitter reflections when they arrived at the commencement of the line of bridges and causeway mentioned before, when a busy and singular exhibition presented itself. The road into Gloucester runs upon these erections about a mile in a direct line; and, on either side, is marshy, boggy land, which, though passable usually in the summer months, had been flooded during the siege by the inhabitants for their own security; while the royalists, who had possession of the vineyards and western end, had, in order to prevent sallies, blown up a bridge and broken down the

causeway in several places. The waters had been let off the day before, leaving a muddy slime upon the marsh, and workmen had commenced repairing the breaches and bridge in order to open a communication between the city and Wales; but the progress they had made was by no means adequate to the passage of a body of troops, which Massey had ordered out immediately upon hearing the report of musquetry. The consequence was, that some attempted the marsh, others passed on planks, and much time was consumed in contrivances where either appeared impracticable. The novelty of the scene, and the recent restoration of their liberty, drew out the inhabitants; and men, women, and children, were to be seen in groups along the whole line. The troops had nearly accomplished their task, when the brethren from the forest made their appear-

ance, and the firing was accounted for. A messenger was instantly dispatched into the city, verbally to inform the governor that a skirmish had taken place between a party of brethren from the forest and a troop of the malignants: that the latter had been defeated with much loss, and the former were arrived in safety. This dispatch created such an emotion as might be expected among the inhabitants, who crowded to the west street and entrance; so that, by the time the asses with their stores had come up, and the breaches were made fit for their passage, the Colonel found that he was to be marshalled in a procession, and pass through a host of ignorant, gaping, and perhaps insulting vulgar. Ayscough did find an opportunity to whisper in his ear, that he need not apprehend any improper behaviour from the populace, and immediately passed on.

It was almost a matter of course that his dress and recent wound should cause him to be mistaken for the commander of the cavaliers who had just been routed; and many a coarse jest was he consequently compelled to hear as they proceeded slowly toward the city: but when they made their appearance at the west gate, a shout of welcome resounded from the assembled multitude; and no captive king at a Roman triumph ever felt more keenly his fallen condition than did at that moment the ill-starred heir of Pen-leon. The procession advanced along the west street, and the unfortunate captive was nearly sinking under mental and bodily pain, when they arrived opposite a square-built mansion with iron palisades in front, about which the crowd seemed to be in more than usual commotion. A voice at length called out from the window, "Is that servant

of the Lord, Simon Ayscough, among ye?" "Yes," replied he, "that is my name." "Verify then thou must halt for an instant," said the other, whom Morgan recognized to be one of his former persecutors. Ayscough obeyed, and approached the window, where an elderly lady sat by the side of the puritan preacher. A word or two passed, and she handed him a paper which he read with evident emotions of surprise and pleasure. "I make the demand," said the lady (who was Mrs. Flint); "it would have been sent to thee, hadst thou not arrived." "I obey with pleasure," replied Ayscough. "Thou art indeed a good Samaritan. May the Most High shower his blessings like dew upon thy head." Then, with a profound obeisance, savouring more of bye-gone than of present days, he retired toward his men who were waiting in the street.

The puritan took occasion, the moment his back was turned, to say, that he liked not such ways and manners; and to quote from the Proverbs, "To have respect of persons is not good, for a piece of bread that man will transgress." * But, Mrs. Flint was a woman, and moreover, was a lady; consequently, elegance of manners and person were not disagreeable to her; and she shook her head, smiling at the same time with an expression that almost maddened the hypocrite at her elbow, who read in it a comparison drawn between Ayscough and himself in her mind, by no means to his advantage. But her wine was good; her table well supplied—it was not the moment to play the spiritual monitor: and he contrived to "digest the venom of his spleen."

* Proverbs xxviii. 21.

In the meanwhile, Ayscough, after a word or two with Lucas, went up to Colonel Powell and addressed him: "You are acquainted with Mrs. Flint?" "Scarcely, Sir," was the reply. "Some year or two since I had the honour of spending an afternoon at her house." "Here is an order, Colonel," continued the veteran, "which shows that she has not forgotten you—it is from the governor; and she desires you will make her house your home. You hesitate—but," taking the Colonel's horse by the head, with a benignant determined smile, "I must not—she demands your person by this mandate; and, as it bears the signature of my commander, I must obey; therefore, please to alight; for not a step further shall you go with me at present." "It were, indeed, a folly to refuse," said the captive; and, thanking Ayscough for all his attentions, was

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supported by Morgan and La Rose into the house, where he was received by Mrs. Flint, with a warmth of hospitality very different from that which he had experienced under her roof on the Sabbath-day before-mentioned. The weather was sultry; and the Colonel, weary, wounded, faint with loss of blood, and covered with dust, was not at that moment the high-spirited, haughty, and daring cavalier. Unexpected kindness has a powerful effect on the distressed and harassed mind; and notwithstanding all his efforts, Maurice Powell could not entirely suppress an agitation which raised him highly in the opinion of his hostess; for although ladies may admire those impenetrable, invulnerable, unfeeling, iron-like souls and bodies which are sometimes united for their amusement in romance; yet, in private and real life, it has always appeared to us, that they

are well pleased to discover, in the character of men respecting whom they take any interest, an evidence that the soul within is not callous to those finer feelings which do honour to human nature.

After many expressions of obligation, and repeated assurances of welcome, all which were given and received with more of truth and gratitude than usually accompanies such ceremonies; Mrs. Flint discovered that, though his stout heart resisted, the Colonel's pale countenance declared "the flesh will quiver where the pincers tear;" and he was easily prevailed on to retire. "May your slumbers be refreshing, Sir," said the old lady as he left the room; "endeavour to put your trust in Him who can alone calm the perturbed unruly spirit of man—He hath directed you among friends: be thankful unto Him." She then or-

dered the servant to go for a surgeon, who arrived as the man was leaving the house; her kind intention having been anticipated by Ayscough. Surrounded by every comfort and convenience, the Colonel had to sustain the mortification of hearing a verbose professional description of his wound; which might, the surgeon said, if his fever did not abate, terminate in amputation. Whether such information was likely to allay feverish symptoms, let the disciples of *Æsculapius* say. Morgan thought otherwise; and most unceremoniously made his sentiments known to the doctor immediately they had quitted his master's apartment.

CHAPTER XX.

AWAKING but little refreshed from a feverish and broken slumber, the Colonel walked into an adjoining room, which Morgan had informed him was set apart for his accommodation. It was small, and appeared to have been fitted up as a library; but the shelves alone were ill furnished; and with disgust he read, in lieu of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Davenant, the names of "John Saltmarsh, preacher of the gospel at Brasted, in Kent," "Martin Mar-prelat," &c. on the title-pages of a few scattered volumes. With a discontented "pshaw" he threw down the abstruse labours of those divines, and reposed himself upon a couch on the opposite side of the room, in such a situation, behind the door, when open,

as to be concealed from any person entering. There he soon became lost in dreaming solitude. Determined not to increase his fever, and consequently risk his leg, by dwelling on unpleasant reflections, such as conjectures as to how the roundheads would dispose of him—whether he should meet with respect or insult? and several other more imaginary doubts, all whispered in his ear by the family of blue devils, which may be classed as subordinate to the “manes,” or evil genii of the ancients—resolved not to be harassed by these gad-flies of the brain, he summoned his good angel to attend. She obeyed; and leading him under his paternal neglected roof, among her companions, the “lares,”* or house-

* The Romans believed that immediately on a man's birth two angels attached themselves inseparably to him; one, the bonus genius, or good angel; the other, the malus genius, or bad angel.

hold gods, he found himself incapable of identifying her, in his mind's eye, under any other form than that of Emma Bagot. "Well, then, be it so," said he philosophically; and, reclining his head on the pillowed elbow of the couch, allowed the imaginary being to lead him over hill and dale, mountain and river; to point out improvements in the house, the gardens, or the park. "Waft-me along," thought he; "I have no volition;

The latter are likewise termed manes by Virgil: "Quisque suos patitur manes." The lares were gods who were supposed to guard the house, and were usually represented in the form of dogs, who are fierce to strangers, but gentle and kind to the family.

"Servat uterque domum, domino quoque fidus
uterque est,

Compita grata Deo, compita grata cani:
Exagitant et lar, et turba Diania fures,
Pervigilantque larcs, pervigilantque canes."

Ovid. Fast. 5.

—the fever is gone—my forehead is cool—my heart is light—I shall sleep presently : but don't leave me. Guide thou the magic car, fair spirit, and let us rove together—I could almost be a heathen for thee!" How much there was of mental imbecility, or how much of bodily weariness, in this somnific kind of passive enjoyment, let the reader decide. Having resigned himself completely to its influence, the Colonel, hearing something stir within the room, lifted his heavy eyes reluctantly, with a vague apprehension that his dream would be disturbed : but, lo ! the fairy of his slumber stood with her back to him, in the act of adorning the vacant shelves with books, evidently of a different stamp from those which had incurred his displeasure. She had entered the room without perceiving the invalid ; and, hearing a noise behind her, looked round

and displayed a countenance to his admiring gaze, far superior to that of the imaginary genius with whom he had been jaunting. It was impossible to wish, as he had formerly, at Penleon, for more expression: nature seemed to have perfected her work since their separation. "Oh, Colonel Powell," she exclaimed, "I had no idea of your being in this room." There was more expressed in her manner than by the words, and she appeared much agitated. The Colonel rose, but she begged him to be seated. "You have been wounded, I know," she continued, forcing herself to speak, "but I hope you are better—that is, that you are not in much pain." The fact was, that Maurice Powell, at that moment, was more disordered in mind than body; but, having an indistinct sort of desire to conceal his weakness, was glad to snatch at the excuse thus

offered him, and observed that the wound was somewhat painful. The information banished Emma's reserve; and, assuming all the familiarity of former days, she advanced to the couch on which he reclined, and, with a countenance beaming tender solicitude (such as she would have practised an hour in the glass rather than have exhibited at such a moment), asked if it were in her power to procure aught that would add to his comfort. Her hand lay, as she inclined slightly forward, upon the elbow of the couch, and, before either party was aware, became locked in that of Maurice Powell, who replied, "No, Emma—no, I thank you—nothing, Emma—but, you are as good as ever:" then, after a moment's pause, "I have just been dreaming of you." Emma's heart throbbed almost to bursting—a tear was on her eye; but pride allowed her not

to wipe it away. Silence was painful; and, determined to break it, she, in a tone of attempted gaiety, said, "You have been in the world of fashion too much lately, Colonel, and have been accustomed to flatter—you forget to whom you speak. Remember, we are old acquaintance, and don't trifle with me." "Trifle with you, Emma!" exclaimed the Colonel, forgetting his wound, and starting on his legs, still keeping her hand. The action was unlikely to lessen Emma's agitation; and, as he stood before her, she lifted her eyes upon his face with a look of apprehensive inquiry whether she had involuntarily offended. He saw the starting tear. "No—oh! no, Emma," he continued, "God knows I would not trifle with thee—thou hast been the genius of my dreams; and *long* has thine image been paramount in my heart. May God so aid

me as I would cherish thee." Her eyes were fixed on the ground, her face covered with blushes, while a tremour seemed to have overspread her whole frame. "Look up, my Emma," he resumed, "dear Emma—let me call you so—my love—" She did look up—'twas a momentary glance, but it spoke more than words could tell; and then, as if it were a last and exhausting effort, she sank sobbing on his arm as he pressed her to his bosom. The Colonel stood, spell-bound, with his eyes lifted in gratitude towards Heaven, as though offering thanks for the most valuable boon under its canopy: and doubtless, he so estimated the lovely burden reclining on his arm. The sight of woman's tears is soul-rending to man; but a sympathetic chord which vibrated in his heart, in unison with that of Emma, jarred not in grief, but thrilled with overpowering joy,

which often assumes the privileges of its conquered rival. Almost insensibly they found themselves sitting side by side upon the couch.

“ Emma,” said the Colonel, in a low tone, “ I fear that I have been somewhat too bold—too abrupt.” I am very weak,” she replied; “ the alarm and fatigue which we have suffered during the siege, have, I believe, somewhat unnerved me.” “ You must have felt much,” resumed Maurice, a little recovered; “ but, it is due both to you and to myself that you should hear me repeat coolly what I spoke in the momentary warmth of feeling. I think that I could not trifle with any woman; but, certainly, never with you, Emma, my adopted sister for years—my friend—the companion of my happiest days and purest pleasures.” “ Oh! spare me—” exclaimed she; “ I never believed you would. I only spoke

thoughtlessly or jocularly.” “ But I do not, my lovely friend, when I tell you that the fondest wishes of my heart have long been towards thee.” To relate the whole of their conversation, would be tedious to the reader. Suffice it to say, that, after the usual agitation and hesitation on her part, and the usual unreasonable perseverance on his, the parties came to a mutual understanding, and were exceedingly astonished to find that the dusky veil of evening had overshadowed them full two hours sooner than they expected it. Notwithstanding what many languishing swains have asserted, both in verse and prose, none of the planets, not even the favourite Cynthia, will be put out of their way at the desire of lovers. The sun had finished his course; and Mrs. Flint’s family, whose diurnal movements were nearly as true as the dial to the course of that luminary, had assembled

to worship. Emma's servant was, like Elizabeth's, a simple Welsh girl ; and her simplicity had been so effectually worked upon since her residence in Gloucester by the puritans, that few of the sisterhood were more zealous than Winny Jones : consequently, having listened some time at the library door, and heard a low, whispering sort of conversation, she took the liberty of entering to announce that the " men of God " were waiting. Emma instantly arose, knowing the imperative nature of the summons ; and, waving her hand, descended to the large front parlour, where a preacher sat with a Bible and candle before him, while the hearers were arranged at a respectful distance, duskily erect in seats placed against the wall. The Colonel wished that Winny had been a man, that he might have had the satisfaction of kicking him down stairs for the imper-

continent intrusion. He then decided, according to the immemorial custom of lovers, that Emma was a goddess, a divinity, peerless, an angel, &c. &c.; and, finally, ascertained that he was quite well enough to join the family at supper. It must be confessed, moreover, that, though one of the kneeling listeners to a long prayer, poor Emma's public devotion was that evening of a wandering nature. When the family meal was prepared, the Colonel descended to the parlour; and, having resolved to tax his philosophy to the utmost, and endure the rude impertinence of the puritan preachers without recrimination, was agreeably surprised by finding old Simon Ayscough in the company. To the formality of a long grace, he had been initiated in the forest, where, though all was rude, he, as a soldier, could not avoid feeling some respect for men who boldly took up arms, and were

willing with their lives to defend the cause which they had espoused, however unjust it might be : but the hypocritical vermin which surrounded Mrs. Flint were of a different description, and seemed only as fit objects for derision and contempt. He saw with indignation the respect with which they were treated by that amiable but infatuated lady, who sat supported by one on each side.

Nothing worthy of notice passed during their meal, until Ayscough, in answer to an inquiry, said that military movements upon a large scale must depend so much on the precise situation of the enemy at the moment, that none but the Earl of Essex himself would probably know at what hour the army would arrive : “ but,” continued the veteran, “ there can be little doubt of their being within these walls to-morrow night.” “ To-morrow !” exclaimed Emma ; “ to-

morrow—oh ! then I shall again see my father.” “ Your father ? ” inquired the Colonel hastily : “ How—why to-morrow ? ” There was an earnestness in his manner, which struck Emma dumb ; and she then first recollected that he might, and indeed from the question must, be ignorant of her parent’s having joined the Parliament. Overwhelmed with shame at her apparent duplicity, she dropped her knife and fork, and a deadly paleness told the distress of her mind, which was immediately noticed by Mrs. Flint, who attributed her agitation to the difficulty she might feel at announcing to a prejudiced cavalier and old acquaintance, that which he would doubtless be sorry to learn. Under this impression, the old lady took the task upon herself. “ It is natural, Colonel Powell,” said she, “ that we should rejoice at that which may grieve you—but, when the Lord hath work for man to perform, he

turneth the heart. Your friend Major Bagot is now a Colonel in that army which hath, in the Lord's hands, relieved this city when ready to perish." "He turneth the heart of man," drawled out one of the preachers, as he helped himself to part of a roast fowl, "though his heart be as stone—yea, as a piece of the nether millstone."

A painful reserve and absence of mind was evident in the Colonel's behaviour during the rest of the evening; and Emma's distress increased at every ineffectual effort which he seemed to make at recovering his spirits. Availing himself of the plea which fatigue and his wound furnished, he retired early, but not to rest. His prejudices were strong against all who traitorously bore arms against their Sovereign. Love, honour, and interest, told their different tales, during a sleepless night. Emma was

acquitted of any participation in her father's apostacy ; but, could he marry the daughter of a roundhead Colonel? In opposition to this arose the question, whether a man of honour could desert a female to whom he had solemnly vowed everlasting affection? and then he angrily asked himself how he could mentally admit such discussions into his mind when Emma was concerned? Interest spoke of Colonel Bagot's abilities—said that an energetic character like his was exactly suited to the existing turbulent times—that, if the parliament got the upper hand, a friend among them might be useful: but these mercenary pleadings got in by some back door of the brain, and were discarded the instant they were recognised. Emma felt herself degraded—she had allowed the man whom she loved more than any earthly being to repeat his fond and flattering tale uncheck-

ed. She had uttered confessions in his ear, with blushing burning cheeks, and had concealed from him that which it was most essential for him to know, although she was well acquainted with the violence of his party spirit. Would he not consider himself deceived, entrapped, his bodily weakness, fatigue, captivity, and ignorance of passing events, taken advantage of? These were the agonizing questions which tormented her during the night, as she turned weeping upon her pillow; but the morning brought with it that species of consolation which arises from a determination to act candidly, openly, and honourably, whatever may be the consequence. The Colonel breakfasted in his own apartment; and Emma, about an hour after, assumed courage to inquire of Morgan if his master were at leisure to receive a morning visit from a lady. With palpitating heart she entered the

library. The Colonel rose, and handed her to a seat. "This is very kind of you, Emma," said he, taking her hand, which she immediately withdrew with firmness, but without a shadow of displeasure. She began with hesitation ; but confidence increased as she proceeded : "No, Colonel, you must not consider me in any other light than as an old acquaintance and friend. Last evening you were not yourself either in body or in mind—both were overpowered by fatigue and pain. Sympathy, compassion, and a most ardent wish to relieve your sufferings, betrayed me into a foolish weakness, which I beseech you to banish from your recollection.—Let it never arise against me in your mind ; but, let us be as we always have been—" Here she was interrupted by Maurice, "As *I* have been—as *I* have long loved, and as *I* vowed from my soul unto *thee* last night in this room—so will

I always be.” “ Hush, Colonel,” said the poor girl, with difficulty suppressing her strong emotions. “ My father ! Remember, I love my father. It escaped my recollection that your confinement might have prevented you from learning that he was—” “ Spare yourself and me further explanation,” said her lover ; “ we have been long acquainted, and I respect his talents and character, but it was not *yesterday* that I first suspected his political bias. Those debates must rest with us as men. You, my Emma, and I, have nothing to do with such topics.” “ Fie ! fie upon such flimsy sophistry,” said Emma ; “ my father is my counsellor, my guide. I have acted wrong. He will be here to-night ; and when *we* meet again, it shall be in his presence. Now, farewell. We part not in anger ; here is my hand, in token of friendship.” The Colonel raised the proffered emblem

of peace to his lips, and would have retained his prize; but, true to her resolve, she withdrew it, and left the library for her own room, where she threw herself upon a chair by the bed-side, and, convulsively sobbing “ He *shall* respect me,” unburdened her full heart by a flood of tears. With an uncontrollable emotion, the Colonel, when left alone, clasped his hands, and exclaimed, “ By Heaven! The mental jewel is worthy of the beautiful casket. What delicacy! What nobleness of soul.” Love has been called a species of delirium; and our hero delivered himself up completely to its influence, having first determined that Emma should be his, in spite of fate, father, or her own scruples. His wound and captivity, public and private affairs, were all thrown into the back ground: it seemed enough for him to know that he was under the same roof with Emma, the

mistress of his affections; and, when Morgan entered to inquire how he would dress for dinner, he had blotted and scratched over three or four sheets of paper, on which he had in vain essayed to portray the sentiments of his heart. He had invoked Apollo, ransacked his memory, tortured his imagination, and rolled his eye in fine poetic frenzy for several hours; but, alas! no words adequate to depict his feelings—no image worthy of the subject, came to his relief. “What’s the matter, Morgan?” he inquired, awaking from his reverie, and drawing the disfigured paper together, as though ashamed of his occupation. “Nothing—there was nothing the matter, your honour, only that it was getting near dinner time.” “Dinner! oh, ah, very true.” “Was your honour like to tak your dinner down stairs?” “That,

Morgan, depends much upon the company. Who will be there? ”

The faithful Cambrian had, like most old valets, acquired a sort of intuitive insight into his master's character, wishes, and opinions ; and the private and long interview of the preceding evening, added to the excessive agitation which he observed in the Colonel's countenance at supper, told him plainly what was going forward. It was his opinion that a person of so much importance as his master must be married “ some time or another ; ” and Miss Bagot was “ very well,” and “ very good,” and used to the country, which was better than all ; for the devil himself, he verily believed, kept holiday in London and Oxford, and all large cities ; and if his master married a court lady, he dreaded that the event would be a residence in the proximity of

his Satanic majesty's pastimes. The result of all these considerations was, that, with the usual self-importance of a favourite valet, he determined, in his own mind, to "patronize" Emma; and thus he answered the question. "Indeed, hur can hardly tell. There shall be some of those hypocrites, you see, no doubt: but Winny Jones says her young mistress is so busy about preparing something for her father, she was not able to come down. Winny Jones was a good girl, and loves her mistress: but, she was all turned topsy turvy, you see, by them awful blaspheming folks; and thinks as the Almighty concerns himself about all she was doing—she did pray, look you, only this morning, that the sun might shine to dry some things she was washing; and that a pie she did make might turn out good, and not be spoiled by the baker: and then I did tell her it was

wicked, and as bad as swearing, because it was taking the Lord's naam in vain. She told me I was in a pond of darkness and miry slough, and that she had faith, and so all she did ask would be given her and come true." * The Colonel smiled

* The effect of religious fanaticism on weak and ignorant minds may be witnessed, even now, by any one desirous of the sight. The following extract from the experience and temptations of the celebrated John Bunyan (who, by-the-bye, was at one time a soldier in the parliamentary army, and a cotemporary of Winny Jones,) will bear us out in repeating the poor ignorant dupe's words respecting faith : " One day as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me to try if I had faith, by doing some miracle ; which miracle at that time was this : I must say to the puddles that were in the horse pads, Be dry ; and to the dry places, Be you puddles." (See *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, p. 23.) Another time he was so beset by a temptation to speak improper words, " that," he says, " often have I been ready to clap

at Morgan's account of the maid, and inquired if they had been old friends in Pembrokeshire. "Why, yes, you see," he replied with a knowing congratulatory sort of leer, "we was used to chat a bit now and then, but she was then all alive, look you, and full of spirits and so merry—" "I understand you, Morgan," said his master; "and the most neighbourly sort of thing you can do for her now, will be to make her merry again, and drive these gloomy puritanical notions out of her head." "'Twas not so easy, your honour; mistress or maid, it makes no difference to them preachers;

my hand under my chin, to hold my mouth from opening; and have had thoughts at other times to leap with my head downward into some muck-hill, hole or other, to keep my mouth from speaking." (Idem, p. 48.) Yet John's subsequent and well-known works proclaim that his mind was not of the weakest class.

they was always at it—they shall be for ever canting. Winny let one of them out last night, and he stopped in the dark passage to give her a word of exhortation for ten minutes.” Here the Colonel gave loose to a burst of laughter—“ Ah, aye, indeed,” continued Morgan; “ indeed to goodness, ’twas too bad, but ’twas true, and she said he was a dear good man too when she did come back.” “ Ha! ha!” exclaimed his master; “ I don’t wonder at your not liking the preachers; but, the more difficulty, the more honour, in an undertaking. I should like to see whether you can restore a little stray Welsh lamb to the fold, or if she can make a convert of you. You’d make a good puritan preacher, Morgan; and then you might transform old Rees Price into a clerk, and have a room at Dafydd’s at Llandewy to hold forth—ha, ha.”

The Colonel attacked Morgan on his

weak side. Persuasion, or even a request, would have had no effect ; but, the attempt being treated in a ridiculous light roused his pride. “No matter ; your honour shall see,” said he ; “but please to observe, hur makes no promise—very well—but, may be, it was very good time yet.” “I shall dine alone to-day, Morgan,” continued the Colonel ; “so inform Mrs. Flint that I feel extremely weak, and as though company would be too much for me. After dinner you may do what you please with yourself, as I shall need no sort of attendance.”

The afternoon arrived, and found the city of Gloucester in a tumult of exultation, in consequence of the advance of the Earl of Essex with his whole army, except three thousand horse which he sent “to attend the King’s march, and keep his forces in a body, that they

might not plunder the country, or else to fight them.”* Their entrance was announced by loud shouting, waving of handkerchiefs, &c. &c. as they marched in through the north and east streets; but, the grand display of gratitude for their deliverance was reserved by the godly, until the whole army were drawn up in the cathedral-churchyard. Colonel Edward Massey, the able and intrepid governor, first paid his respects to the Lord General Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who stood in the midst of his troops habited in a plain leather doublet, trunk hose, and wide-brimmed hat, which slouched over a small-featured and austere countenance, darkened to a deep brown by exposure to the sun, and rendered yet more obscure by mustachios on the upper lip. His action was formal and stiff, as though he were

* Whitelock, p. 69.

a machine whose motions were regulated. His speech was clear, distinct, and slow ; and he had no sooner finished what he thought proper to utter, than he seemed to be absorbed in meditation. Soured by domestic vexation, and provoked by being dismissed from his place at court, of Chamberlain, he had attached himself early in the civil broils to the Parliament, whose sword-arm he might be called at this period, Waller being somewhat in the back-ground since his defeat at Roundaway Down. Drawing off his glove, as Massey came up, he advanced to meet him : “ Give me,” he almost shouted, “ give me, brave man, that hand which held the plough firm ; while, by the Lord’s help, thy noble heart looked not back : ” and seizing Massey’s hand, he shook it with uncourtly violence. “ Thy servant,” replied the Governor, “ hath but performed his duty ;

and would willingly descend into the grave, if thereby he might assist in laying a foundation for the true church——”
“Thine actions have spoken for thee,” said the Earl; “the Parliament knows thy value: and thy power and means of serving the cause shall be increased.”*

* On the 15th of September, 1643, the Parliament voted a reward of one thousand pounds to Colonel Massey, and a month's pay to his officers and men, for their great service during the siege of Gloucester; likewise, that all their arrears be paid up, and that the Lord General be recommended to advance Massey to some place of trust and profit.—*Rushworth*, vol. v. p. 295.

Massey's subsequent career was somewhat singular. After rising to the rank of lieutenant-general, and serving the Parliament zealously till 1647, he was one of the eleven members accused by the army. Parliament, however, confided in him (though secluded from the house) till 1648-9; when, being a prisoner at St. James's, he escaped, and the next year joined the King's party, who received him with open arms, gave

The promise of promotion from a commander-in-chief warms a soldier's heart. Massey felt grateful, and replied, " ' Except the Lord keep the city, the watch-

him a regiment and various commands, as major-general, with which rank he served against Cromwell in Scotland. Being wounded at Upton and the battle of Worcester, he made his way into Leicestershire, where, being unable to proceed, he delivered himself up to Lord Grey of Grooby ; was conveyed as a prisoner to London ; and, after some unsuccessful efforts, again escaped. Was again taken, August 1659, in Gloucestershire, and mounted before a trooper to take care of him, and bring him prisoner to Gloucester ; "but," says Whitelock, " riding down a steep hill, the weather being wet and a dark night, in a great wood, the horse slipped and fell down (which Massey caused by checking of him), and, in the fall, Massey got away into the wood, and being dark, crept into a bush, and the whole troop could not find him out : but he escaped next morning, and got to a friend's house."

man waketh but in vain.” * We had well-nigh fainted when the light of the beacon-fires blazed; and was unto us as ‘the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even as a morning without clouds.’” † “Let us together ascribe the praise unto him,” said the Lord General; “and not put our trust in man, whose breath is in his nostrils;” and he turned to address the magistrates, &c. who came to congratulate and welcome him into the city. The various regiments had piled their arms, and were waiting round the churchyard, each in its assigned place, until the arrangements of billeting, &c. were completed. All the idle population of the city were promenading, as in a fair, in the centre, and reviewing the troops as they passed. Among the

* Psalm cxxvii. 1.

† 2 Samuel, xxviii. 4.

loungers were Morgan and Winny Jones; the latter having overlooked her chaperon's want of religion, in her anxiety to behold face to face, with her bodily eyes, the redoubted host of the Lord, whose fame she had heard so much of. "Who's that? who's he?—well—indeed to goodness 'twas a strange noble sight—hur wouldn't a believed it," with similar ejaculations, were all that Morgan could obtain for some time from his fair companion.

At length her eyes became fixed upon an officer clad in body-armour, who was riding slowly across the large open space, round which the soldiers were drawn up, towards the group encircling the Lord General. "It was him!—look you, Mr. Morgan," she exclaimed, pointing at the same time. Morgan looked, and recognized Colonel Bagot, with the yellow tawny scarf over a suit of black and gold-burnished armour

which he had often assisted Dennis in cleaning. Having been out of the room when the question respecting her father was put by his master to Emma, as related on the preceding night, he was struck with amazement; and, after gazing in silence for some seconds, cast up his eyes towards heaven, and ejaculated, "Good Lord! deliver us." Winny Jones's hand was instantly withdrawn from his arm; but, the poor fellow's agitation was so great as to render him insensible to the circumstance. "What was the matter with you, aye?—Why don't you speak, Mr. Morgan?" said the little body, stepping before him. "Now, the Lord mak hur thankful," he exclaimed, without noticing her, "that hur old master was no more; this would have been worse to him indeed than an adder's bite—but the whole world was changed." "You may say that," said the well-known voice of Dennis; who,

having recognized his old acquaintance, had taken advantage of his capacity as Colonel's valet to quit the ranks.

“Ah, Mr. Connell,” cried Winny Jones, with sparkling eyes, “Cot pless—cot pless you—his na'am be praised, you see, for your conversion—you was see now the error of your ways.” “Ah ha! little Winny, my little lass,” said Dennis; “and now I am one of the elect; we'll be after taking swate council to-gider; and I'll palaver and blarney and bodder the ould one himsilf now—Och! and there's nothing like practice, my mountain-daisy.” Winny felt somewhat elated at being noticed by one of the army; and Dennis continued, holding out his hand to his old companion. “By the powers, now, Mr. Morgan, and I'm glad to see you—when—what's the matter wid the man now?” “He was taken prisoner, you see,” said

Winny, “by some of the true sanctified ones in the forest, and so——” “And what then? Think you, Morgan, that Dennis Connell is the man to forsake an ould frind?” Then, taking out a heavy purse, he continued, “Take that, my dear boy—not a word about the matter—you may pay me whiniver ’tis convenient;” and he thrust it into Morgan’s hands. The Welshman had resolved not to notice or recognize his renegade acquaintance, and was about to walk away, when this proof that the detested tawny colours on his arm and hat had not defiled the generous flow of the Irishman’s open heart, arrested and fixed him to the spot. Looking Dennis full in the face, he collected himself sufficiently to speak in a firm decisive tone: “Mr. Connell, hur thanks you—but, hur was not want your money, you see—so put you it by for a rainy day. To

tell you the truth, hur heart was too big just now, Mr. Connell—hur was sorry—yes, indeed—very sorry to see you.” “A most mighty compliment,” quoth Dennis. “Thank you, Sir; but nivir mind, we’ll converse on politics anoder time—I’ve had prijudices of my own before now; and know how to pity the unconvarted and unriginirate.” At these words the speaker looked towards poor Winny, who listened as to an oracle. The demure expression of her countenance, and perhaps the remembrance of former scenes which Morgan’s presence recalled, were too much; and he burst into a loud laugh. Winny was shocked, and looked from one to the other of her companions with stupid surprise; at the same time, preserving a gravity which, contrasted with the merriment of Dennis, upset all Morgan’s philosophy; and he laughed in spite of

himself. Winny, at length, joined them; and the way for reconciliation being thus paved, an explanation took place; when, to the surprise of one, and joy of the other party, it was discovered that their duties would most likely frequently bring them under the same roof. Under these circumstances they agreed to defer all discussion upon the merits of the opposite factions espoused by their superiors, until they should meet in a more quiet and retired place. Dennis went to his master; and Morgan returned home with Winny, after she had been gratified by walking several times round the cathedral-yard in front of the troops, and listening occasionally to the harangues of sundry zealous fanatical preachers, who addressed the soldiers and surrounding spectators with the gestures and vehemence of charlatans at a fair. At Mrs.

Flint's all was in commotion; for that good lady, in the plenitude of her zeal, was not content to regale at her table the guests of superior rank in the army of the faithful, but resolved to administer to the wants of those in humbler estate, who had borne likewise the burden and heat of the day. The coppers were consequently filled with substantial joints of meat; and Winny, whose conscience smote her that she had been absent during the progress of so good a work, put off her best apparel the instant she entered the house; and Morgan soon lost sight of his little companion, who disappeared amid the rolling steam which triumphantly rushed in thick volumes through the kitchens and offices.

Emma had been summoned from her retirement by a visit from her kind hostess; and they were both busily engaged in giving orders; and, singular as it may

appear to ladies of our own times, were at intervals personally active in decorating or giving the accomplished housewife's "coup de grace" to the rarest and choicest dishes. Colonel Powell alone was idle, if personal inactivity deserve the epithet. What could he do? Walking was out of the question for a lame cavalier officer, in a city which was the stage of a roundhead army's triumphal entry. Sometimes he mentally rehearsed the scene of his expected meeting with Colonel Bagot, and prepared and arranged appeals to that veteran's high sense of honour, backed with arguments of overpowering force, &c. &c. But, as in fancy he dived into the heat of argument, an unacknowledged motive was undermining all his resolutions of combatting traitorous opinions, and whispered in his ear, "At all events you must not quarrel with

Emma's father." That name once introduced into his meditations had the usual magical effect so well known to lovers; namely, that of overthrowing all systems of controversy, obscuring arguments, putting to flight all sober home-spun theories, and fantastically rising triumphantly paramount over head and heart. Adhering with the usual determination of a partizan to the fond idea that the King's party must be ultimately victorious, he pictured to himself the forlorn and desolate state of his beloved—her father guilty of high treason—the sword of justice suspended by a hair over his devoted head. His abilities would but render him a fitter object for exemplary punishment; and Emma—poor Emma; what was to become of her? "She must be mine," he exclaimed. "Is there ought that the King would refuse to the son of my father?"

She must be mine.” With these words in his mouth he threw himself upon the couch, and, turning carelessly over the papers he had previously blotted, began to write, and blot again, till he produced the two following verses :

TO EMMA.

The ivy on my father's towers
Clings to the massy wall:
Llandewy's choicest favourite flowers
Neglected droop and fall.
But well it's loveliest plant, I trow,
Within Penleon's hall would grow.

Be thou that blooming fragrant rose,
Which I would fondly press
Unto my heart, in soft repose.
My lonely dwelling bless.
Oh! come, sweet flower, and I will be
A wall around to shelter thee.

He had just completed them when Morgan made his appearance to inquire if his master would like to join the party expected at supper. “Where is Miss

Bagot?" asked the Colonel, without making any reply. "She was now coming out of the parlour as I did open this door," replied Morgan. "Then go into the bed-room and get me a suit of mourning ready," said his master. Morgan disappeared at one door as the Colonel opened the other, and beheld Emma, who had just reached the top of the wide oaken stairs. She hesitated a moment, and was about to pass hastily forward, when her lover advancing respectfully, presented the copy of verses, and immediately retired. At the sight of a billet she blushed, and thought of returning it: but it was too late; he was gone. So she proceeded to her own apartment; curiosity compelled her to read the lines; and a kinder feeling made her think them tolerable. Such little compliments between the lover and beloved are wont to elevate them in their

own and each other's opinion ; and like the magician's circle, appear to exclude the world from the little hallowed space on which they tread. They speak a peculiar language which the world knows not ; and therefore may be allowed to ridicule, as the unlearned man laughs at a rehearsal of the finest passages in Homer or Virgil, because they are " gibberish " unto him.

We leave the lovers each in an enviable frame of mind at their respective toilets, previous to the general rendezvous of her guests round Mrs. Flint's hospitable board.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MUTUAL distant greeting, in which the warmth of past days appeared struggling against the coldness which each conceived it became him to assume, took place between the two Colonels as the guests were taking their seats round Mrs. Flint's table, which might be literally said to "groan with the weight of the feast." The company was numerous, and consisted principally of puritan officers belonging to the army—a heterogeneous medley collected by the preachers, who had not merely invited them to the feast, but almost, according to the words of the parable, "compelled them to come in." When Mrs. Flint politely requested the patriarch Ayscough to say grace, these "maw-worms" gazed stupid-

ly upon each other, as though deprived of some right; and when the old man, in slow and solemn tone, had earnestly, but without affectation, occupied near five minutes in prayer, re-seating themselves, they shook their heads in silence, and one ventured to remark, in a low tone, that "we must wrestle in prayer ere we should expect a blessing." The good lady of the house, however, having frequently on former occasions been troubled with wanderings of mind during the long prayers deemed necessary by these gentry, could not but congratulate herself that, for once, her culinary preparations and skill stood a fair chance of being properly appreciated, instead of growing cold beneath the noses of her guests.

The effects of good cheer were soon visible, and each man appeared satisfied with himself and that which was placed

before him. Even La Rose's assiduity was noticed and admired, notwithstanding his being a papist; and one of the elect sapiently observed, that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." *

We pass over the ceremonials of supper, grace, and prayers. Suffice it to say, they "did eat, and were filled;" after which, every one associated himself with such persons as he thought fit, and little groups were formed for conversation. The proposition that a series of religious exercises should occupy the evening was hazarded by one of the preachers, and received with a sneer of contempt by the military, who had, thus early in the war, learned to value fanatic harangues and prayers in the same ratio as their drums and fifes, deeming each equally useful for the raising of recruits or exciting

* Luke xvi. 8.

dormant sparks of courage in battle, but alike unfit for the hour of relaxation and repose. The ladies had retired; and Colonel Bagot, the veteran Ayscough, and our hero, were engaged in close conversation, sometimes approaching to argument, upon the aspect and affairs of the times, when Dennis made his appearance, and whispered in the ear of his master, who instantly rose and left the room. After the lapse of a few minutes he returned, accompanied by a tall young officer clad in straight-laced buff, whose wild commanding glance around, seeming to breathe defiance in lieu of courtesy, attracted Colonel Powell's attention. It was Henry Dormer. He had just delivered Elizabeth into the hands of his superior officer and friend after guarding and watching over her with lynx-eyed vigilance. If Colonel Powell felt impressed merely by his appearance,

it may be imagined he was much more interested when introduced to the stranger, and informed how deeply he was indebted to him for protecting his beloved sister. Dormer had thrown himself into a chair opposite to the person whom he had unconsciously obliged, having first paid his respects to the veteran Ayscough, whom he appeared to view with a kind of reverential awe. Colonel Bagot seated himself at his side, and, with a significant smile, looked toward his friend Maurice; then laying his right hand on the arm of the young visionary, he pronounced the name of Powell as he pointed out the gentleman before him. Dormer appeared a moment incredulous, and looked from one to the other like a person suddenly starting from slumber. "This gentleman," said Colonel Bagot to Maurice, without noticing the singularity of Dormer's de-

meanour, “has just arrived with the rear-guard of our army, and has brought with him a fair lady, who might, but for him, have been wandering unprotected in the midst of our civil tumults. She is now safe under this roof in the arms of her old friend my Emma; who little thought this morning of embracing, ere night, one to whom she owes what little she possesses of character—that person is your sister.” Scarcely were these words uttered, before Dormer had with both hands seized that of Maurice Powell, which he pressed violently, stedfastly looking him in the face, with an expression that would have well become a long-lost brother, had it not been for the semi-delirious brightness of his eyes.

Colonel Powell collected himself sufficiently to return thanks for the obligation. “Thank me not,” roughly ex-

claimed Elizabeth's protector, dropping the Colonel's hand, and pushing his chair back ; " Thank me not—It was written on high — We are like bubbles on the rapid stream — We meet to coalesce—to protect or to *destroy* each other —What are we? I know not your forms, nor think them worth the learning. You thank me to-day, and to-morrow you will, perhaps, seek to sheathe your sword in my bosom, because I stretch out mine arm to shield the oppressed. We war not with women, or, if we did—" Here he passed a hand across his brow, and, seeming to recollect himself, leaned forward, and, in a low and milder tone, continued : " Do not mistake me, Colonel Powell ; I could, I would respect you—My heart yearneth toward thee like Jonathan's toward David—but, I am commanded by a higher power, ' Thou

‘ shalt not consent unto him,’ saith the Lord, ‘neither shall thine eye pity him.’ * Thy name and thy character have long been familiar to me. I feel that thou art a snare placed by Satan to enthrall me, and will flee ere the cord close around my heart.” Before any reply could be made to this singular address, the speaker had left the room. “ This is mere madness,” said Ayscough to Colonel Bagot : “ you have raised my expectations of the youth highly—what means he?” “ Nay,” replied the Colonel, “ I know not—he is eccentric, fanciful, and wild as the transatlantic woods where reason first dawned upon his mind. His every act is governed by some superstitious feeling. To you I commend him strongly, as a bold, capable, and desperate partizan ; but, to Colonel Powell,

* Deuteronomy xiii. 8.

I cannot *now*, as *once* I gladly would, recommend him as a friend." "It were bootless," replied the cavalier, with a smile; "for he repels the attempt of exchanging ordinary civilities: but one truth I learn from his abrupt remark, which ought to have arisen spontaneously in my own breast, namely, that *I* have suffered myself to forget occasionally the duty I owe to my sovereign, and admitted his enemies to 'close the cord' of friendship around *my* heart."

"Would that it were otherwise with thee, my son," ejaculated the hoary veteran of the forest. Colonel Bagot bit his lip; and our hero, though he felt inwardly vexed at having ruffled the mind of Emma's father, was well satisfied that he had spoken consistently: therefore, rising, he made the arrival of his sister an apology for leaving the company, and

quitted the room. The meeting between Elizabeth and Emma was most affectionate ; but, their characters during absence had undergone little change. The heir-ess of Llandewy wept for joy upon the shoulder of her friend, who, scorning to exhibit such a symptom of weakness, stood erect as the Belvidere Apollo, while a rebellious drop glistened in her dark eye, as she pressed Emma to her beating heart. When the first ecstacy had subsided, the two friends mutually communicated the little history of their adventures when absent from each other. Emma's was a brief relation, and terminated with the relief of Gloucester by the Parliament's army ; but, she could not summon resolution to speak of the wounded and captive cavalier Colonel. Elizabeth then related the particulars of her journey, and rencontre with young Dormer, of whose protection she spoke as a matter of course

rather than an obligation. "Now God bless him!" exclaimed Emma. "My father thinks highly of him; and often has mentioned your names together, with an accent that I could not misunderstand." "Mine, Emma?" ejaculated Elizabeth, rousing herself from a reclining posture which she had just taken; "Mine! Colonel Bagot must know little of me. His young protégé may be brave; but Elizabeth Powell knows him only as a rebel, the leader of a banditti, an enemy to his country's peace, King Charles's foe, a murderer, a ——" How many more such epithets the loyal Cambrian maiden might have used is uncertain; for Emma, who felt alarmed at her vehemence, interrupted her with the assurance that, had she known how strong her prejudices were against Dormer, she would not have spoken of him. "Certainly," she con-

tinued, " he is not so well bred and polite as the gay cavaliers with whom you must have been in the habit of constantly meeting in Oxford ; but——"

" Oh, as to that sort of politeness," resumed Elizabeth in a contemptuous tone, " it fits as easy on the coward as the brave ; and he who hath it not may purchase it for some few paltry crowns of the posture-master or the man milliner. No ; to do your friend justice, he hath not that every-day recommendation. He is abrupt to a degree of rudeness—he was so in Pembrokehire ; but now he has perfected his education among the fanatics ; and the wild visionary American savage is become a sanguinary and fierce religious enthusiast—it is a species of insanity, Emma, too prevalent in our times." " We have had much of religious phrenzy here," replied her

friend; "but our puritans are very different from Henry Dormer." "Indeed!" said Elizabeth, with an assumed smile of raillery; "and art thou a white doe stricken by this wild huntsman?" "Oh! no, no," exclaimed Emma: "My dearest friend, —hear me—on that subject I have indeed something to tell you of another." "Another?" "Oh! forgive me that I did not tell you before; but I would not on any account that you should hear it from a third person." Determined to conquer a timid feeling which at first checked her utterance, Emma drew closer to her chosen counsellor. Sofas were not then in vogue; and the young ladies contented themselves with a wooden seat at the window, which answered the purpose equally well for a tête-à-tête, and served as a repository for the variety of nameless trifles

that annoy the tidy housewife. Emma's trembling lips were in the act of opening, to deposit the secret of her love, when the door was thrown back, and Colonel Powell's appearance tore Elizabeth from her side. After a few moments of silence, and an affectionate embrace between brother and sister, the latter resumed her seat, and, making room between Emma and herself, motioned the Colonel to take his place. He paused a moment, irresolute; and Emma looked out of the window in silence, with her eye apparently fixed upon some object, though what it could be in a lone back yard it were difficult to ascertain. The night was fine, the window was open; and a lamp placed at the further end of the room, gave that sort of doubtful light which has long been esteemed as peculiarly agreeable to lovers when enjoying the cool breeze

of evening, that fans and revives the cheek of beauty languishing from summer's sultry day. "Come, Maurice, here is plenty of room," said Elizabeth. He advanced, and irresolutely spoke. "With Miss Bagot's permission?" "Miss Bagot!" exclaimed his sister. "Why not *Emma*? Nonsense, Maurice, —you have sat between us a thousand times. You are not turned such a puritan, I hope, Emma, as to break up our old friendly habits." "Oh, no, indeed," uttered the poor girl, with a fervour that came from the heart, and carried conviction with it. Maurice, with enviable feelings, took his appointed place, and Elizabeth pressed his hand in silence. For a moment he felt completely happy; but, turning towards his beloved, all became changed; for her eyes were suffused in tears, which burst forth as she arose and threw herself, sobbing,

into the arms of Elizabeth, who received her with friendly warmth, exclaiming, with something like a frown on her brow, "How is this, Maurice?" If any suspicion of her brother had arisen, it was instantly repelled; and she requested him, in a mild tone, to leave them for a short time. During his absence, Emma recovered her self-command, opened her heart unreservedly to her friend, and finished a tale of love, by observing briefly that she had no reason to doubt her father's approbation, and that he should be consulted the first opportunity. Something indefinable in her feelings prevented her from mentioning the circumstance of her parent having accepted a commission under the Earl of Essex: yet even at the moment she was dissatisfied with herself for not having done so.

Hetty came into the room upon some errand, at the close of their conference.

“ Tell my brother we want him,” said Elizabeth, laying her hand playfully upon Emma’s lips, which appeared in dumb show to be imploring her to revoke the order. “ Yes, Miss,” replied the maid, as she left the room, which she had scarcely done, ere the Colonel re-appeared. “ My dear brother,” said Elizabeth, holding out her hand, and smiling affectionately, “ the mystery is explained—may God bless you both. It is long since I first wished and began to anticipate this result of your acquaintance. It has been my prayer, as it now forms my delight at this rapturous moment—” She was too much affected to proceed further, and in silence joined the hands of her brother and her friend. After a pause, during which a feeling of intense happiness glowed within the bosoms of the lovers, she continued : “ Be happy, be happy; ye were formed for each

other. May no differences of opinion, no jarring creeds of fanaticism, no civil discords, interpose their baleful influence ——” Emma’s heart felt cold within her; she trembled, looked down with the air of a convicted culprit, and withdrew her hand from the Colonel.*

The large dark eyes of Elizabeth were fixed upon her with an indescribable expression of mingled doubt and love, that completely overpowered the poor girl, when she summoned resolution to look up. “Oh, forgive me,” she ejaculated. “Do not frown upon me, my dear Elizabeth. Before your arrival, I had determined not to meet your brother alone again till my father had approved ——” “Blame not yourself, my beloved Emma,” said Maurice, approaching her; “I alone am in fault: I might have found an opportunity of speaking to your father this evening; but, be assured that

the next time we meet—nay, look not so, I will see him instantly.” “What!” inquired Elizabeth, “and is Major Bagot likewise a prisoner to these rebels?” “No,—no,” sobbed the heart-stricken Emma, hiding her face in her handkerchief; “Oh spare me, spare me.” Elizabeth turned towards her brother, and in a quick, commanding tone, asked, “Then how comes he here?” “With regret I inform you,” replied her brother, “that circumstances have induced Colonel Bagot to accept a commission under the Earl of Essex.”

“Now mock me not, Maurice,” she exclaimed, incredulously looking from one to the other, as if with a hope of hearing a contradiction of what he had uttered. “Ah, I see it is too true!” she continued, pressing her hand against her forehead, which felt as though it would split with the violence of her

emotion ; “ this is hard—hard work indeed.” Emma appeared falling to the ground, and Maurice was rushing to support her in his arms, when Elizabeth seized his right hand with desperate strength, and detained him while his beloved sank into a chair. “ Unhappy Emma,” said the amazon in a tone of deep commiseration ; “ my heart bleeds for thee, dear, but unfortunate girl. On my bosom shalt thou rest, and we will weep together in silence and retirement.” While speaking these words, she had advanced between Emma and her brother, whom she addressed in a high and impassioned strain.—“ But *you*, Maurice Powell, remember, our father’s ashes are not yet cold—our mother’s exhortations to loyalty yet vibrate in your ears. Shall the heir of two such houses forsake his duty? Oh, my dear brother, recollect who and what you are. Your injured

king, your bleeding country, your murdered sire, cry aloud upon the brave for vengeance." "Elizabeth!" said the Colonel, "you carry this matter somewhat too far. Have I, even for a moment, been guilty of aught inconsistent with my duty towards my king, my country, or that unspotted, cherished name that we bear?" "Never — never, Maurice, that I am aware of," replied his sister, in a solemn measured tone; but in these days, when strength of mind, experience, and bravery, avail not to secure their possessors from the traitor's lure, it becomes not the heir of Penleon to be merely *not guilty*: his character, like that of woman, must, to be spotless, be placed above suspicion." "And who dare suspect me?" asked the Colonel. "In a cooler moment," said Elizabeth, "ask yourself who will not, if ———" Here she was interrupted

by Emma, who had recovered sufficiently to feel her situation and collect her spirits. Rising from her chair, she leaned for support upon the arm of her friend, and, in a low tone, while every word seemed threatening suffocation, said, "No—they *shall* not suspect *him*—he *is* above suspicion. The world shall respect him, as he merits; and he and *you*, Elizabeth, shall not only pity, but respect *me*; for," she continued with energy, lifting her right hand towards heaven, "I swear never to become his till *you* approve of our——oh!" and, overpowered by the violence of her emotions, poor Emma fell, sobbing hysterically, into the arms of her counsellor and protectress. The Colonel's feelings are not to be described. At the moment, his sister appeared to be his greatest enemy; and his wrath was upon the point of finding utterance, when she cast a significant glance upon his

angry countenance, and placed a finger upon her mouth, in token of silence; then, pointing to the weeping burden in her arms, "Forbear," she said; "add not to her sufferings—fear not; she has a noble heart, and is worthy of you: but pray now, to-night, retire and reflect." Reflection, however, was out of the Colonel's power, and he began—"Surely, Elizabeth, you forgot yourself, thus to make a child of me?" Emma raised her head, alarmed at his angry tone, and stretching out her hand towards him, exclaimed, "Pray leave us for to-night, Colonel; to-morrow we shall—I shall be better." The Colonel took her hand, and pressed it to his lips. It was not a moment for Elizabeth to be scrupulous, and she would not observe the circumstance: but Emma withdrew her arm, and repeating, "to-morrow—Leave us now," waved it in token of dismissal; and, as her lover

moved toward the door, said unconsciously, with a look and tone that went to his heart, "Farewell; thank you; good night, *dear* Maurice." The door closed; all was silent; and her own words seemed vibrating in her ear as she asked, with the air of one waking from sleep, "What did I say?" "Nothing," replied her mentor, wishing to avoid serious conversation. "You are fatigued, Emma; and I have been travelling to-day.—A good night's rest will recruit us both." A little silver hand-bell served to call the maidens to their duty, and the two friends parted affectionately. When Emma had retired, Elizabeth sank into a chair, and appeared lost in deep thought. "Would you not please to go to bed, Miss?" asked Hetty, doubtingly, after waiting for some minutes motionless as a statue, with her trimmed neat lamp before her. Elizabeth started up, and walked with

a firm and measured step across the room, in silence : then, turning to her astonished maid, surprised the poor girl yet more by asking, if Dormer had left the house. "Hur thinks not, Miss," was the reply. "Then let him know I wish to see him instantly," said Elizabeth ; and Hetty withdrew, too well knowing the unchangeableness of her mistress's orders to hesitate, yet wondering much at her desiring a private interview so late with a roundhead rebel. Dormer marvelled equally at the summons, which reached him while engaged deeply in conversation with Colonel Bagot and Ayscough, whom he had hastened to rejoin after our hero's departure. Hetty being too bashful to face so large a company of men as were yet remaining in Mrs. Flint's banqueting-room, La Rose, with that gallantry proverbially belonging to his nation, undertook the

task, and whispered Elizabeth's wish into Dormer's ear, loud enough to be heard by his two companions. This duty performed, the Frenchman stood erect a moment, as though waiting a reply ; but, hearing none, he shrugged up his shoulders, took a side-step to the left so as to be more in sight, made an inquiring bow—it was useless—so, at length he retreated to the door, opened it, went half out—bowed again, and, finally, disappeared. During this pantomimic display, Dormer was apparently paralysed, and his countenance betrayed strong emotion. “A fair lady's invitation was wont to make a young soldier more alert in former days,” remarked Colonel Bagot. “Rather would I go forth to-night alone against the thunder of the modern Philistines, armed like David, only with a sling and a stone,” exclaimed the young visionary, “than

be called to encounter against those—” “Hush! hush!” said Ayscough, interrupting him: “Let not all around us know what is passing—Go and meet the young lady—You conjure up imaginary dangers.” “I *shall* go—but the danger is *not* imaginary,” replied Dormer, as he rose slowly. “There is a spell upon me;” and he left the company.

Elizabeth had relapsed into her former absence of mind, and was sitting alone, when he entered the room unceremoniously. “Lady,” said he, stalking forward, as though to a military parley with an enemy, “Miss Powell—what wouldst thou with me?” Elizabeth looked up confused, murmured somewhat of obligation and thanks for past attention, and concluded by stating, that it would be in his power to render her yet more important service, and that he was the only person in whom she dare confide. “Now

the Lord forbid!" he exclaimed. "What am I to understand by that?" asked Elizabeth, who knew enough of his eccentricity to expect a reply somewhat different from what common courtesy demanded. He met the glance of her bright eyes with a scrutinizing look, as though with intent to espy through those windows of the soul into its most secret recesses, and discern if any dark unholy purpose were in agitation. They were too dazzling to gaze upon stedfastly with impunity: so, with his accustomed bluntness, he retired a few paces, leaned cross-legged with his back against the wall, thrust his left hand into the breast of his leathern doublet, while the right was supported, at arm's length, upon the hilt of his sword, and, in a reckless agitated tone, continued—"The bird fluttereth under the eye of the serpent, yet avoideth he not the danger. *The wings that bore him high

among the clouds, in joyous mood warbling to the winds, refuse their aid. Man must likewise submit to his predestined fate: his efforts at resistance are puny as the insect's wing struggling in the rapid stream. *I submit.* But, in God's name, lady, whatever may be the nature of the power which you have acquired over me; by what or whomsoever given, entice me not from the path of honour." Here his emotion appeared excessive. "No. Forgive me for the momentary doubt — you could not. And now, lady," he continued, with such an assumed firmness as that with which the gamester throws down his last stake, "command me." Is there a lovely young female to whom the discovery of her power is displeasing? If there be, she has more of the stoic than our heroine; for her cheek became flushed as Dormer spake; and something like a

smile might have been observed upon her lips, had not her long glossy ringlets, which happened, just at the moment, to require adjustment, slipped from her hand, and concealed the expressive features of their fair possessor. Her mind was, however, too strong to continue the plaything of her senses ; and, recovering from the momentary lightness in which it had indulged, she addressed her late protector gravely. “ You werẽ not used to compliment, Sir ; and I prefer your former plainness. We have no time now for ceremony. Briefly, I am determined to prosecute my journey to Penleon immediately. Will you conduct and guard me through the first day’s journey ? ”

“ Aye, to the death, lady,” cried Dormer ; his eyes flashing with joy. “ Thank you—thank you,” said Elizabeth, little less affected. “ When go we ? ” asked her guide. She replied, “ At day-break

to-morrow." Dormer hesitated a moment, and then doubtingly said, " One thing I had forgotten—I must see Ayscough, under whose orders I now am. Wait but two minutes ;" and without waiting for any reply, he left the room.

Time moved on wings of lead with Elizabeth for a quarter of an hour, when Dormer re-appeared with Ayscough and Colonel Bagot, to whom he had related her desire. Both vainly endeavoured to dissuade her from taking the journey. " I would take Emma with me," said she to the Colonel. " God knows how soon she may be deprived of her parent. Mine fell in a better cause; and you, Sir—but, I ask pardon, I forgot myself. These are not woman's affairs, though, were I a man, methinks I could not forsake my king." Colonel Bagot had taken her hand previously, and he here pressed it with a warmth that whispered

glad tidings to Elizabeth's heart. "He hath repented of his rash engagement," she said to herself, "and all may yet be well." "Emma shall act as she pleases," said the Colonel: "so far as regards my own feelings, I should prefer her being always under your protection, my dear young friend; but, your brother's exchange is almost completed, and his wound is not of such a nature as to prevent his travelling with you." "With us, when he is at *liberty*!" exclaimed Elizabeth, elevating her commanding figure to its utmost height. "Remember *we* have no blot in *our* escutcheon. His name is Powell. His patrimony is unsullied honour. His father was murdered by rebels but yesterday, and his King is now retreating before their accumulated numbers. No—may the heir of Penleon never sheathe the sword till those tawny emblems which now are flaunting in my

sight—" (The yellow scarf appeared doubly gaudy over his black burnished cuirass) "are trampled under foot in utter infamy and contempt!" "Elizabeth!" said the Colonel, and intended to have continued with a rebuke, but her feelings had been too highly strained, and found vent in a flood of tears; which, while they afforded her relief, washed away every angry impression from the minds of her auditors. Ayscough looked upon her with an eye of admiration and pity. "God help thee, daughter," said the old man; "Thou hast a spirit of flame within. May it not consume thee!" "Leave me, gentlemen, for this evening, pray," said Elizabeth, recovering; "at day-break, Sir," addressing Dormer, "I claim your promise. Good night." When again left alone, she repaired to Emma's apartment. The poor girl was weeping, and needed a comforter: she

was almost lost in the wilderness of her griefs, and memory scarcely served to embody and connect events, when the door opened. To a mind so overpowered, a necessity for action is, perhaps, the most efficacious remedy, inasmuch as it recalls the scattered senses, fixes them upon a particular object, and, moreover, enlivens the mind with a grateful sensation of self-respect, at being employed in the performance of a duty. Her arrangements were quickly made for departure, on hearing Elizabeth's plan ; for contrivance of which, she loved her, if possible, more than ever.

“ It will remove every doubt he might have entertained,” she said to herself, when sinking into a refreshing slumber, during which she dreamt of Penleon ; first in solitude with Elizabeth ; then, on the arrival of its lord, all hearts glad, and all eyes glistening with joy. It was not

deemed necessary by their mistresses that either Hetty or Winny should be admitted into their councils ; and much were those two maidens astonished at being aroused from their slumbers before, the dawn to attend their accustomed duties, which were no sooner accomplished than our two heroines were summoned to horse. Each ordered her maid to prepare for a ride ; and they descended to the parlour, where Ayscough, Colonel Bagot, and Dormer, awaited their appearance. “ The horses are at the town’s end,” said the former, presenting each with a safe-conduct, signed by the Earl of Essex : “ secrete these papers about you, as they may be of service after your escort leaves you.” Colonel Bagot persuaded them to take some refreshment ; and the hoary veteran gallantly assisted at their hasty meal, while Dormer in silence stood with his back toward them, looking out of the window. He had

cast aside his military habit, and was gaily attired in a hunting suit of green, with a black hat looped in front to a gold button. His whole appearance was that of a young sporting country gentleman; but his countenance was overshadowed with a gloomy melancholy, seldom to be seen on the faces of junior and dashing aspirants of the turf and field. "Then, pardon me, ladies," said Ayscough, when they declined further refreshment, "for appearing anxious to lose you—but, the morning is, on every account, the best time for travelling." "Farewell, then," said Elizabeth, offering her hand to the Colonel: "Nay, but we see ye safe out of town, fair ladies," exclaimed the veteran. Dormer turned sharply round, and walking across the room, threw the door open. "You'll find me at the town's end," said he, and abruptly departed. On their arrival at the appointed spot, he was there with two men attired in loose

dark-coloured smock frocks, and large slouching hats, in one of whom Elizabeth recognised her former acquaintance Judah; the other was Barrett, the man who had been guide to Lucas's party in the forest. Dungledy and little trotting Davy bore their former riders; while Emma was mounted upon an iron-grey hunter, which lost its young cavalier master but the week before, in a skirmish between Lord Wilmot's cavalry, and Essex's rear-guard; and Winny Jones rode a palfrey, selected as the best from among the spoils of those Philistines who had the misfortune to reside near the forest of Dean. After repeating a blessing upon his daughter, Colonel Bagot approached Elizabeth as she sat on horseback, and emphatically addressed her; "Should we never meet more, my dear young friend, let my Emma be your care." "She must always be dear to me," replied Elizabeth: "adieu, Colonel."

“ Stop one moment,” he resumed, holding Dungledy’s bridle; “ I would say something more.” “ What ? ” said Elizabeth, eagerly leaning down so as to bring her ear close to the speaker. “ Judge me not by my companions,” he continued, in a low voice; “ circumstances unknown to you have had strange influence over me. I would preserve your good opinion.” Elizabeth looked him stedfastly in the face, and slowly uttered, “ There is but one way to regain it, and that lies open for you to follow.” “ Then you shall be compelled to grant it ere long,” said he; “ in the meanwhile, be charitable.” “ I will, Sir; and look forward—but we are noticed. Farewell, farewell.” The two last words she uttered aloud, resuming her upright position: then giving her horse the reins, the cavalcade moved forward, and left the two veterans to return slowly into the city.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT this period of our tale we feel somewhat in a similar predicament with the traveller who has suffered himself to be allured out of the high road to saunter in the meadows, until the closing day reminds him of the distance which he has yet to travel, and he is compelled to move onward with redoubled speed, in order to reach the place of his destination at the appointed hour.

To the reader who may have patience thus far to endure us, we beg leave to apologize for the numerous aberrations of which we have been guilty; for all which we intend, as much as possible, now to atone, by studying brevity and simple narrative.

* The two ladies and their female at-

tendants travelled in safety under the protection of their escort. Dormer's peaceable attire preventing them from being often challenged; but when it so happened, he was never at a loss, having a protecting pass from both parties: how he obtained that which bore Prince Rupert's signature, it was painful for his companions to conjecture. During a progress of three days, in which they avoided large towns as much as possible, numerous incidents occurred that marked strongly the eccentricity of his character, and the deluded state of his mind. On the third evening, they were descending into the valley beyond a pass in the Bwlch mountain, in Brecknockshire, when, riding between his fair companions, he abruptly exclaimed, "Yon cloud-impeding dark-blue summit before us is the beacon; ye will leave it to your left. Barrett knows the country

well till ye arrive at Caermarthen.” “Are you going to quit us then?” inquired Elizabeth: “I was in hopes that—” Here she found herself placed in that kind of dilemma which frequently awaits people who commence a sentence without reflecting upon its termination. It appeared somewhat too much to invite a roundhead to Penleon in the absence of its owner; yet must it be confessed, that Elizabeth had hoped and wished that Dormer would see her safe within those revered walls. However, she soon recovered self-possession, having previously decided in her own mind that he would be far better employed in travelling with Emma and her, than was at all probable, if returning to Gloucester; and moreover, she had a presentiment that, if withdrawn for a time from the society of those persons who had succeeded in warping and misdirecting the

faculties and energies of his mind in so extraordinary a manner, he might be able to discern the real nature of that cause into which he had been deluded ; and, the vapour like mists and fumes of fanaticism, once dispersed, he would see that which he now profanely termed “ the Lord’s work,” to be treason, robbery, and murder. “ Why do you not finish your sentence, lady ? ” asked he. “ It were useless,” replied Elizabeth : “ There was a time when Penleon’s doors were always open to Henry Dormer—when its true and loyal grey-headed owner would stretch forth his hand, and bid him welcome. That time is now past—that head and hand repose in the cold and silent tomb, whither they have been untimely hurled by rebels, among whom Henry Dormer is a chieftain.” Dormer looked a moment upon the ground, and was evidently much af-

fectcd : then, lifting his eyes toward Elizabeth, he mournfully exclaimed, "Would to God, fair lady, that my blood could restore thy father's life !" " Say no more on the subject," she ejaculated. " Do not part with angry feelings," said Emma, in a supplicating tone. " It is impossible on my side," observed Dormer, with a faint smile at her mistaking the nature of his emotion ; " but, blessed are the peace-makers." He then turned toward Elizabeth, and continued ; " The time of our separation—perhaps of our *eternal* separation, is at hand. I pray thee, let us part in amity and peace." " In amity, then, be it," said our heroine ; " but peace hath fled the land. Remember that when the sword smiteth the father it pierceth the orphan's heart. Ask thyself coolly, as thou ridest back alone, what thou art doing, and what is the nature of that warrant by which

thy misguided leaders authorize thee to lay desolate the cheerful hearth, and fill the land with weeping widows and orphans—by what right do they——”

“Nay, no more, no more,” cried Dormer, checking his steed, and looking wildly upon Elizabeth; “Tempt me not further—thy words pierce me to the soul; and in flight only is there safety.” For a moment he gazed ardently upon her expressive countenance, with unchecked admiration. An unbidden colour flew to her cheeks; and a frown might soon have gathered upon her brow, had he not instantly, with an air of desperate resolution, wheeled his horse round.

“God—God bless you,” pronounced as though issuing from his inmost soul, was the only articulate sound that she could distinguish before the spurs were at the sides of his horse, whose clattering hoofs, as he galloped away, rang

among the rocky projections of a turn in the road, where he was soon concealed from their view.

They travelled slowly forward without encountering any particular difficulty; and, on the fourth day, arrived in safety at Penleon.

The luxury of wandering amid the scenes of our youth and early recollections, where every object appears to salute us with the welcoming smile of an old acquaintance, is one of the purest that nature affords; and is doubly grateful when enjoyed in calmness and peace, after buffeting rude and angry storms among strangers, far away from that beloved home which has not only been the seat of former pleasures, but, during absence, was as a couch of repose unto the wearied mind, upon which to solace itself in company with hope and memory, dreaming of the future, and

reminiscent of the past. The two amiable friends shared these delights together, and appeared sometimes as though they had really succeeded in endeavouring to forget the rest of the world; but, occasionally, Elizabeth would indulge in a reverie, during which, her countenance underwent extraordinary changes, alternately indicative of pleasure, pride, anger, and haughty triumph; while Emma gazed, but was utterly unable to account for such appearances, although she was herself subject to fits of abstraction and lowness of spirits. "He was right," said she unconsciously to herself one morning, when employed in removing some withered plants from her favourite arbour. "He was right :

‘ Llandewy’s choicest favourite flowers
Neglected droop and fall.’ ”

An involuntary sigh escaped, and a

drop fell from her eye ere she was aware. "Am I *so* weak?" she asked herself, with a mixed feeling of pride and alarm. There was no one by to answer or observe; and she burst into a flood of tears.

We must, for the present, leave the "stricken deer" to weep, and return to Gloucester, where Maurice Powell remained; not, like "the ungalled hart," to "play;" his were days of vexation, and nights of feverish tossing to and fro upon his pillow. "She shuns me," he argued; "then why should I seek an explanation with her father?" But Colonel Bagot and Ayscough were his only and almost constant companions; and each exerted himself earnestly to negotiate his exchange, but in vain; for the Earl of Essex had gone to Tewkesbury. After repeated disappointments, he addressed Emma's father

one morning: "Your army must be strangely conducted. You well know that my parole may be taken: let me join the King; and I hereby pledge my honour to despatch an officer of equal rank to your head-quarters, or to return immediately myself." "You know not the state of the country," replied Colonel Bagot; "Prince Rupert has allowed his troops to live too much at large; and they have forgotten, that the seat of war is not in an enemy's land. Numerous outrages have been committed; and the country-people breathe vengeance against all cavaliers."

"Did you ever hear any other account given of a retreating army when you were on the advance?" asked our hero, with a smile of contemptuous indifference. "We shall be told the same of you ere long, and you again of us; and so on to the end of the chapter." "I would

not deceive *you*, my young friend," replied Colonel Bagot, in an impressive tone: "You cannot go in safety—besides, our out-posts are in motion.—I could tell you more; but——" "We are on opposite sides," said Maurice, filling up the pause. "Had our present relative situation been foretold, when we sat formerly together round my father's peaceful, cheerful, and blazing hearth; when we all appeared to have but one mind, we should have smiled in scorn at ~~any~~ malignant prophet of evil who attempted so to interrupt our harmony." "My dear young friend," said Colonel Bagot, "we live in extraordinary times. Men who aspire to lead, have strange, contrary, and indefinite notions of the future; and we, in lower stations, are too frequently the dupes of past prejudices or momentary apprehensions. For myself, I confess to you, in confi-

dence, that, if my daughter had not been within the walls of this city when besieged, my sword would not have been drawn for its relief." It is not surprising that an avowal which appeared to promise the removal of all hindrances to his union with Emma, should be hailed with enthusiasm by our hero. His eyes sparkled, the colour glowed upon his cheek, and his dejected mien was changed to an attitude of joy, as he exclaimed, "Then, in the King's name, let the effect cease with the cause. Emma is, by this time, safe within Penleon's walls, beyond the tumult or danger of our party-conflicts." The veteran shook his head in silence. "Nay, my dear Sir," continued Maurice Powell, with increased energy, "*she is, she shall* be safe from every harm. Thinkest thou that the friend of her youth would forsake her? No, she is dear to me as

the name which I bear; dear as the hallowed walls which are now blessed by her presence. She fled from hence because she would not join hers to a hand which might be raised against a parent's life." "Bless her—bless her," said the father, walking to the window to conceal an emotion which was almost stifling. Our hero, little less affected, paced the room quickly, as though to give his full heart free liberty to bound in gladness. When somewhat recovered, he continued, addressing the Colonel, "The Earls of Bedford and Holland* have forsaken the Parliament, by which they were deluded in an evil hour; and his Majesty's arms are open to welcome his returning and repentant friends. In the name of all that is honourable; for the sake of her who is the most lovely and the most beloved of her sex; let me

* Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 250.

conjure you——” “Sir—Sir—We will talk more of this matter,” said Colonel Bagot, endeavouring ineffectually to conceal the overflowings of his heart; which, to his great discomfiture, exhibited themselves but too plainly in his eyes. It was an interesting moment for our hero. The cup of bliss appeared within his reach, but it was in an instant dashed aside by the abrupt entrance of his old persecutor John Lucas, who threw open the door, and, with a delight which appeared to him somewhat like the malignant joy of an infernal tormentor, announced, that the Earl of Essex had surprised and taken Cirencester from the royalists that morning.* Before he had found time to re-

* Rushworth says, that Essex lay two nights at Gloucester, and furnished that city with necessaries: then marched to Tewkesbury, and lay there five days; that, in the mean time, Glouces.

late particulars, the room was crowded by gaping inquirers, whose curiosity

ter might get in provisions—drew part of his army towards Upton, and made a bridge over the Severn, near Tewkesbury, as if he would march to Worcester; so that the King's forces had their eye that way: when, on a sudden, being advertised that a body of the King's troops was at Cirencester, and had lain in great store of provisions for the army; he, being in great want thereof, made a long march, and fell upon them about one in the morning, surprised two regiments, took forty loads of provisions, six standards, three hundred common soldiers, and four hundred horses: the said forces being designed for Kent to raise an army there for the King, and Sir Nicholas Crispe to command them. From thence Essex marched to Cricklade and Swindon, &c.—Vide Rushworth, Historical Collections, vol. v. p. 292, et seq.

Lord Clarendon says, that Cirencester was surprised at day-break by the Earl of Essex, who took two regiments of horse, and provisions that were prepared for the siege of Gloucester, —History of Rebellion, vol. ii. p. 266.

was no sooner allayed, than preparations commenced for a thanksgiving. All were clamorous in praise of General Essex, whom Lucas pronounced to be a leader for the true Israel, as clearly chosen as Moses or Joshua had been of old by the Almighty himself, who "divideth the sea with his power : and with his understanding smiteth through the proud."*

Maurice Powell in disgust retired to his own room, where, at the expiration of an hour, Colonel Bagot craved admittance ; and, after informing him of the nature and extent of the Parliamentary triumph, continued, "It was certainly a masterly manœuvre, worthy of Essex's military fame ; and, now your army is thrown so far in the rear, he will, doubtless, march direct for London. My intention is to follow, for the purpose of resigning a post accepted under false representa-

* Job xxvi. 12.

tions, and on peculiar conditions, which I will explain when more at leisure. Methinks your exchange might be more easily effected were you to take the same journey: at all events, if it were now completed, you could not be suffered to go, at present, towards Bristol or Oxford.”

“ If I must remain a captive,” replied the cavalier, “ it will certainly be more agreeable to be so in your custody than with the people here.” “ Then hold yourself in readiness ; we shall march in about an hour,” said Colonel Bagot, leaving the room. “ ’Tis strange !” thought our hero to himself, when left alone ; “ Am I always to march as a prisoner and eye-witness of these rebels’ triumphs ?”

Morgan was then summoned, and informed of their destination and company. “ Now God grant that your honour was saaf at Penleon,” said he ; “ hur was thinking that these wicked blaspheming

hypocrites, look you, shall have their coot things in this world, for all was going their way, you see." "I hope, nay, I doubt not, but we shall have better times ere long," replied his master, with a cheerfulness which did good to the worthy valet's heart; "so pack up for us both, and take no notice of my remark to any one." "Indeed to goodness, no," said Morgan, "and more particular as hur must travel with that straange Irish weathercock."

A scene of confusion presented itself to the travellers on their arrival in the cathedral church-yard, which was the place of rendezvous. The good news had excited an unusual gaiety among the soldiers, who lay in groups upon the ground, rolling up their cloaks, adjusting their baggage, and making divers preparations for their personal convenience on the march. "I wish there was a little less of

the cavalier in your appearance," said Colonel Bagot, passing his arm through that of our hero at the same moment; "those ringlets about your ears will probably draw forth coarse or offensive jokes from some of our low fellows." Such a remark from any other person might have produced a display of characteristic Welsh impetuosity of blood; but a lover is strangely complaisant and ductile with the parents of his mistress. "Perhaps you are right," was the reply in the present case; "it is a folly to expose ourselves, needlessly, to insult from the vulgar; so, be it as you please:" and the offending locks were combed back so as to be hid under his wide brimmed slouched hat, a covering which soon after almost entirely superseded the use of the morion or helmet, being much more convenient, and, when strengthened internally by a light frame-work of iron,

equally efficacious against the sword.* A long horseman's cloak, in addition to this alteration in his dress, enabled the cavalier to pass unmolested to the centre of the church yard, where Morgan and Dennis were busy in packing their respective masters' baggage upon one of the poor four-legged prisoners from the forest. "That black horse, Maurice, with the white star in his forehead, I mean for you," said Colonel Bagot, pointing to one which a soldier was leading through the crowd; "I have another favorite here, and might have had more. The Earl has not used me well as a soldier in this business; but he likes to have tried men on such occasions, and I can't blame him; for, perhaps,

* A hat of this description is preserved and shown in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, as having formerly been the property and safeguard of the celebrated Bradshaw.

it is quite as well for me.” “ Much better,” observed Maurice, gravely. “ It is very difficult to get rid of old habits of thinking,” said Colonel Bagot ; “ our soldier-like prejudices, and ideas of honour, are, to say the least, very singular. We have both of us known brave and honourable officers who have, in Germany, fought for both Imperialists and Swedes. I fear—nay, I *feel* that such laxity of real principle has much to do with our present disturbances. Pay and promotion are subjects about which soldiers are apt to talk and think almost to the entire exclusion of the question of right or wrong, till they become mere tools for calculating and plodding knaves, who employ them to hew down the tree which only required pruning.” At this instant shouting, and a waving of caps and hats, in the south-east corner of the cathedral yard, attracted general atten-

tion to a narrow lane, from which a crowd of people issued, apparently impelled by some greater pressure in the rear. This was soon accounted for by the appearance of several waggons laden with provisions from Cirencester, which slowly proceeded, amid general acclamations, to the south door of the venerable cathedral, where appointed persons waited to receive the spoil, and to lay it up in store, lest, peradventure, a time of need might again arrive. This was too favourable an opportunity to inculcate union among the elect; for the preachers to let slip unimproved; and one of them, accordingly, commenced an harangue at the church porch, taking for his text, "When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth;"* but his voice was soon drowned in the clamour of military preparation to march, and cries of "Fall

in! fall in! and away for home and sweet-hearts, my lads!—old Robin for ever!” &c. Merriment was the order of the day with the Londoners, to whom the road home seemed open for a return in triumph after their first campaign: and the character of puritans appeared not to belong to the younger part, as they marched out, singing songs in praise of their leaders, and cheering good quarters with a deafening zeal, to the shrill accompaniment of the “phyffe,” and the rude thumping of the drum.

The leaders, elders, and more sober part of the roundhead host, seemed much scandalized at their conduct; and it was occasionally somewhat laughable to see the awkward attempts made by the most zealous to keep down the natural hilarity of youth. Their gestures, frowns, and exhortations, were unheeded; for beautiful and smiling were

the faces that appeared at every window. The tawny ribband was wreathed in the luxuriant tresses of the fair; while their white hands, waving the scarcely whiter handkerchief gracefully, flang as it were, a parting blessing upon the heads of their deliverers. In the midst of such a scene, our hero departed from the godly city, mounted on the aforesaid black charger by the side of his friend Colonel Bagot, and was fortunate enough to escape observation amid the general bustle. Morgan, conceiving that among such a crew his master's baggage would not be safe unless under his own eye, marched in the rear, where Dennis, probably from similar reasons, joined him. The Earl of Essex's tawny was that day more than ever in request; and not a person was to be seen among the lower order who had not made some shift to seal himself as one of the elect: yellow

ochre being used to draw a line round the hat and arm by those who could not afford to procure any other material. Morgan alone, unmarked, sullenly and proudly marched erect, and was only preserved from personal insult by Dennis and some of his acquaintance, who surrounded, after having in vain endeavoured to persuade him, for his own sake, to allow his hat to be ornamented agreeably to the fashion of the day. His rage attained its utmost height, when a preacher, at the outskirts of the city, seeing him the nucleus of a little society, called out, "The companions of a fool shall be destroyed!" * "Let hur but come at him," roared the Welshman; struggling while his companions held him back, and brandishing a stout cudgel that he had provided for walking. "Now, fye! and be asy, Mr. Morgan," cried Dennis;

* Proverbs xiii. 20.

“and is it you that talk of loving pace, and would be after fighting a man wid nothing but a Bible and lanthorn jaws?” The moving mass pressed on from behind. “What stops the way?” became the cry; there was no time for altercation; and the angry Welshman was carried away by the living tide; his stubborn pertinacity strangely contrasted with the sang-froid of La Rose, the French valet, who fell immediately in with any measure that appeared convenient at the moment. “Ma foi, he be de very pretty colour,” said he, adjusting an orange cockade in his hat; “c’est vraiment joli, et la mode aujourd’hui—but, demain, to-morrow, peut-être, I will want de white—cela m’est egal, so I shall put him in ma pocket;” and he deposited the king’s colours in safety till they should become the fashion.

A long and tedious march, till

midnight, served more effectually than any preaching could have done to repress the exuberant vivacity of the young soldiers. Their entrance and progress through the streets of Cirencester formed, indeed, a striking contrast with the commencement of their journey. After passing the guard, not an inhabitant was to be seen, except when, occasionally, a casement would slowly open, and an inquiring head cautiously project, and instantly disappear. The trampling of man and horse was alone reverberated in the deserted streets ; and the whole place seemed as though plunged into a lethargy after the unnatural and violent excitation of the preceding night. The word to halt was given when they had arrived in the market-place, opposite the magnificent and venerable church, the massy doors of whose porch creaked upon their hinges, and were thrown back, that

man and horse might enter; and the hal-
lowed walls become, not a sanctuary,
but a temporary barrack. Such things
were frequent during the civil wars; the
house of God became, literally, “a den of
thieves;” and the monuments of the dead
were despoiled as relics of popery: yet
dare we not to say, that there arose not
sometimes, on such occasions, within the
walls of the church, fervent and contrite
prayers from her prodigal and recreant
sons. In the present instance, when the
many had sunk in repose upon straw and
reeds, which were plentifully supplied
and strewed upon the floor, our hero, after
in vain wooing balmy sleep, overheard
some one praying in a loud whisper, that
the King might love mercy and justice,
and seek righteousness—that the priests
might be as good shepherds watching the
flock,—that all might repent and seek
knowledge and wisdom from Him alone

who could bestow them; and, finally, that, if the petitioner and those who with him conceived they were doing the Lord's work, were mistaken, they might be turned from the error of their ways. Maurice Powell concluded, that such a prayer in such a place could proceed only from the veteran Ayscough; but, he was mistaken: indeed, it would be as false, as it would, at this period, be useless, to stamp with the broad seal of hypocrisy even the greater proportion of those armies which took the field against both church and state in 1643. When political or religious delusion is once allowed to gain strength, and take possession of the mind, it is like the overflowing of water; none shall command, and say "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Love, friendship, and all the milder social virtues, vanish; and the sterner qualities of perseverance and courage alone appear above

the inundation like rugged primeval rocks, on whose summits reign the three tormentors of the human race, Envy, Hatred, and Malice, to the utter destruction of domestic and national happiness.

The next morning was ushered in by good news for the cavalier, who then first learnt the intelligence, that Dorchester, Weymouth, and Portland had surrendered to the Earl of Carnarvon; that Barnstaple, and Bideford had fallen into the King's hands; and that the city of Exeter, the key and capital of the western counties, had been delivered on conditions to Prince Maurice.* Although there was something cheering in all this, yet it plainly indicated, that a cessation of hostilities was yet farther removed, inasmuch as both parties had advantages to boast, and their separate interests were increasing in different

* Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 258, 261.

quarters. Party after party of the parliament's army marched out of town during the day, until the whole were in motion toward London, the main body passing through Cricklade and Swindon, with the intention of falling into the Bath road at Hungerford. It was Colonel Powell's fate to accompany the left wing, which halted at noon, on the second day, in the fertile valley of White Horse, in Berkshire; so called, in consequence of the turf having, in the olden time, been cut away, so as to exhibit on the precipitous side of a hill the delineation of that noble animal in the clear white chalk.*

The thoughtless soldiers reposed in merriment under the hedges, or by the

* Various are the conjectures and positive assertions respecting the origin of this figure, as the reader may discover, by referring to Camden, Histories of Berks; Lives of king Alfred, &c. It is annually cleaned out by the country people.

side of a small and clear rivulet, which ran in full exposure glittering under the meridian sun, whose ardent rays appeared to scorch the rugged and uneven stubble left by the farmer in fields from which he had, in fear and haste, snatched his untimely harvest of grain. Our hero drew aside from the multitude on being deserted by his companion, who was summoned to attend a council of war. There was an air of mystery and gravity in the manner in which the summons was delivered ; and the general deportment of the officers told him a tale which at first did his heart good,—confusion was in their countenances—they gathered, whispering, by two's and three's—parted, and walked fast—recollected themselves, and gravely measured their steps, lest the common soldiers might take the alarm ; and exhibited a variety of symptoms which unequivocally demonstrated, that

tidings of the enemy's proximity had reached them. Maurice Powell at first smiled aside in bitter joy—but, soon the recollection came over him, that Colonel Bagot might, in the event of an immediate engagement, fall in a cause that would for ever stain his memory, and entail disgrace upon his daughter—consequently, on her husband, her children, &c. &c. One who deeply studied human nature, sweetly and truly sang,

“ Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake.
As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads :
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.”

Our hero thus mentally wandered from his own troubles to commiserate those of his country. His mind overflowed with pity for her sons, while soft indescribable sensations stole over him, as

thoughts of Emma would suddenly and unbidden flit across, and, sweeping, thrill the deepest chords of feeling, like the wild burst of zephyr on the Æolian harp. In such a recumbent frame of mind, the white horse attracted his notice. It appeared frowning, as an evil omen, telling of the past, and threatening for the future: yet its aspect relieved our hero much, and served as a resting-place for his wandering mind; inasmuch as he deemed it fitting to seek refuge from thoughts intruding at random, by embodying and imprisoning them in the fetters of rhyme. The lorn and majestic record of the unquiet past was before him; and summoning his muse (a being, by-the-bye, who generally persuades lovers that she is at their elbows, and has befooled millions besides our cavalier), he indited as follows:

TO THE WHITE HORSE.—*Berkshire.*

Emblem of dread and pale alarm,
Looking o'er plains afar !
Stamp of the Saxon's powerful arm,
His banner in the war,
Imprinted by the victor's hand,
To mark a conquer'd, subject land !

Thou seem'st as, from the hill-side freed,
Thy phantom-form o'erran
With hoof of air th' unyielding mead,
Trampling the cares of man,
And spreading wild dismay around
On that which erst was peaceful ground.

Methinks I see a red-haired chief
Bestride thy giant-form,
Exulting in Britannia's grief;
Hallooing to the storm
Of civil tumult, spreading wide,
Gloomy as ocean's winter-tide.

While spirits of that blue-ey'd band
Which soil'd, with purple stain
Of native-blood, this blessed land,
Yet hover o'er the plain,
Viewless—in wheeling circling flight,
Like vultures screaming o'er a fight.

But, ah ! no spirits of the dead
Are those who meet in arms.
The blood flows warm that must be shed
To quench our rude alarms.
The war-fiend yells an English cry,
“ Briton by Britons’ hands shall die.”

So far had he proceeded, when a hasty step aroused him from his noon-day dream. Half turning, as he lay reclined upon the turf, he beheld the visionary Dormer, who, with his usual abruptness, addressed him, “ We parted last hastily—perhaps on my part too much so ; but—pshaw, no matter—Since that time I have travelled with her, who, had it been God’s will, might have been as Deborah among the princes, amid the leaders of the people. She is safe ; and she whom thy soul loveth—nay, frown not—both are sheltered by thy native hills. *We* meet once more in peace ; but I bear that with me, which, though it shall gladden thine heart, will make thee thirst for the

blood of him who brought it. There"—and taking a paper from his bosom, he threw it unceremoniously upon the turf beside the Colonel, who hastily tore it open, and, to his inexpressible astonishment, found himself no longer a prisoner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER raising the siege of Gloucester, King Charles had retired to Sudely Castle, where, looking over the papers of the day, the name of our hero attracted his Majesty's notice; and he was graciously pleased to make farther inquiry respecting the son of his old acquaintance and devoted servant. With such a friend, it would have been surprising had the Colonel remained much longer a prisoner; his exchange was agreed upon at Tewkesbury; and arrived (about an hour after his departure) at Mrs. Flint's, from whence it was borne by Dormer, and delivered as we have seen in the last chapter.

So sudden a release from captivity must, under any circumstances, have

been productive of excessive emotion ; but, now, when the war-cry was ringing in his ears ; when the cavaliers were coming on, and their foes, panic-struck, appeared to be on the point of flying before them, our hero's soul bounded as the greyhound, when let slip to the cheering "halloo" in pursuit of the started hare. "Sir," said he, arising from the ground and taking the visionary's hand, "accept my warmest thanks ; you have indeed obliged me." "Thou art free," replied Dormer ; "and may He who formed the heart guide thee aright—a rebellious feeling within hath prevented me from praying that thou shouldst gird on thy sword, and go with us to the destruction of the proud—yet," clasping his hands together, and raising his eyes toward Heaven, "Would that it were His will that thou shouldst, like Jonathan, dwell in thy father's

house, and among thine own people !”

“ You must excuse me, Sir,” said the Colonel, “ for not joining you in that prayer. The fortune of war has latterly thrown me into the society of your party ; and though I have suffered somewhat of insult from the vulgar, yet must I confess, that I shall leave you with impressions highly favourable toward certain individuals. Permit me to include you in the number ; and accept my thanks for your protection of my sister. I am now free ; and time is not mine own—Farewell.”

“ Nay, stay one moment !” exclaimed Dormer.

“ Can *thy* soul be *so* thirsty for blood ? Oh ! arm not thyself against the Lord, who hath said, ‘ For the oppression of the poor He will arise ;* and that He will break in pieces the oppressor.’ ” †

“ Your language,” replied the Colonel,

* Psalm xii. 5.

† *Idem* lxxii—lxxxv.

“may be well adapted to such company as it has been my misfortune lately to keep; but, I likewise have read the Scriptures; and find myself commanded therein, to ‘fear God and honour the King:’* to ‘fear the Lord and the King:’† and moreover am told, that when ‘there was no King in Israel, every one did that which was right in his own eyes.’‡ From such a state of society may our unhappy country be long preserved!” Here they were joined by Ayscough; the flush upon whose furrowed cheek alone indicated an unusual agitation. “I have been looking for you, Dormer,” he said; and without apology drew him aside to communicate instructions in a low tone; after hearing which, the young fanatic abruptly departed.

* 1 Peter ii. 17.

† Proverbs xxiv. 21.

‡ Judges xvii. 6. ;

During our hero's reverie, the troops had been hastily forming along in the valley, and many were already on the march. As they glided away to the southward, he felt a difficulty at first in persuading himself that he should not be compelled to follow; so powerful is habit; and so intoxicating the first copious draught from the sparkling cup and generous hand of freedom to the captive.

“My son,” said Ayscough, when Dormer had withdrawn, “thou art once more free; and may He who ‘looseth the prisoner, and openeth the eyes of the blind,’* shed upon thee the fulness of His blessing.—When and how we shall meet again He only can tell.” Some troublesome and, as he fancied, unsoldier-like feeling was struggling within, and protracted his stay a mo-

* Psalm cxlviii 17, 18.

ment or two ere he was prepared to utter the word farewell. In the meanwhile, a party of musketeers and pikemen were irregularly marching toward the spot where they stood. "May God guide, bless, and protect you," uttered the veteran, squeezing the Colonel's hand. "Here comes Lucas and our foresters—my duty leads me away with them. Be candid and liberal when you think of us ; for, in the hour of battle, we can, as fervently as ever herald raised his voice in the lists, cry aloud, ' May God defend the right ! ' " " Amen ! " exclaimed the Colonel, with that instinctive sort of chivalrous feeling wherewith one game-cock echoes the crow of another. " Halt ! " cried Ayscough, as his band drew near ; " Lucas—our prisoner, the Colonel, has been regularly exchanged, and is now free." " At such a time as this ? " asked a subaltern.

“There has been some mistake,” replied Ayscough, mildly; “he should have received his safe conduct at Gloucester.” “By your leave, Captain,” said Lucas, stepping forward with a sarcastic grin, “he will be pleased to show us, before his departure, the contents of a certain paper which he hath been very intent upon within this hour.” The Colonel’s cheek was, in an instant, suffused with crimson at the idea of being compelled to exhibit the effusions of his listless muse, where they would be the sport of ignorance and the tool of malice. “See,” continued Lucas, exulting and pointing to his unfortunate victim, “the guilty conscience scarcely needeth an accuser.” The Colonel’s spirits had, since his liberation, undergone a rapid change; and, from having been (by hope deferred) sunk so long below their accustomed level, now

sprung aloft, rebounding to an unusual height. Forgetting where he was, he proudly advanced toward Lucas, and, laying his hand on his sword, addressed him in a haughty tone: "And of what, renegade and hypocrite as thou art, darest thou accuse me?" "Down with him! Down with the cavalier!" was the cry; and several of the band rushed forward. "Stand back! my brethren," said Ayscough, stepping before the Colonel; "Disgrace not yourselves; he hath the General's safe conduct about him." The men withdrew instantly. "Painful as it is," continued the old man to the Colonel, "my duty compels me to require a sight of the paper alluded to. The time and place of your being so occupied will convince you thereof; for we cannot allow plans or accounts of our strength to leave us under existing circumstances." "I cannot blame you,"

replied the Colonel, somewhat pacified by the veteran's manner ; " take them, they may afford you a smile at my employment and your own suspicions, each equally ridiculous : but, pray read them to yourself." " I am sorry," said Ayscough, " that you should make such a request ; but, as you have, I owe it to myself, to show my followers that I will have no secrets with an enemy, even were he a brother." Thus saying, he took the paper and delivered it, unopened, to Lucas, by whom it was transferred to Watkins, who had been elected " Clarke of the bande ;" * and

* This officer's duty was to keep a perfect " rowle of all the souldiers of the bande, containing their names, surnames, and weapons they serve withal ;"—to keep all accounts of money and arms ; and to billet the men when in towns.—See Digges and others. Thus much is noted, that the office of " clarke" may not appear to be confounded with that of preacher.

he read the lines with the genuine and much admired nasal twang, then so much in vogue. The locality of the thing appeared sufficient evidence that it must be the identical paper alluded to, and prevented our hero from undergoing the indignity of a search. "'Tis poetry," cried one. "I'ze warrant un if the great horse had a moved, a woudn't a zet there a varsifying," quoth a second; and a hoarse laugh ran through the company. "See ye how Satan deludeth his followers with vain imaginations," exclaimed Lucas. "A spiritual mind would have devised some profitable matter from such an object; and would rather have compared it to the white horse in the Revelations." "It is! it is!" cried Watkins, who had been examining his Bible. "See how the ignorance of foolish men is made to open the eyes of the elect. Was not Edge-

hill fight in the vale of ‘RED horse,’ * unto whose rider it is written, ‘power was given to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another?’” † “Let me see,” said Lucas, overlooking the clark; “Yea, brother, the truth is revealed unto thee;” and, bearing the Sacred Volume to Ayscough, he continued, “See ye,—and ‘the WHITE horse,’ pointing to the hill-side, where the stupendous figure glowed beneath the sun-beams in dazzling white, “ ‘went forth conquering and to conquer.’” ‡ There was a dead silence throughout the band, somewhat like the mute suspense wherewith the anxious listeners may be supposed to have awaited the awful enigma of the oracle

* The battle of Edge-hill or Red Horse, was the *first* in which the two parties met in the field of battle.

† Revelations vi. 4.

‡ Idem vi. 3.

at Delphos. "And again hear," resumed Lucas, in a yet louder and deeper tone, still keeping his eye fixed upon the Book: "'He that sat upon him was called faithful and true; and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire.'"^{*} Here a general shout burst from the hearers. "We must proceed now," said Ayscough to Lucas in a low tone; and the latter fell back into his military post. Addressing his band, the veteran then energetically exclaimed, "The multitude of those who have been oppressed, may indeed *now* be likened unto the wild horse who hath got his head loose—whose neck is freed from the halter." "Verily—he snorteth in the fulness of his strength," ejaculated Watkins, who conceived the simile to be his own. "'He paweth in the

^{*} Revelations xix. 11, 12.

valley: He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear——’ ”*
“ Hurrah !” vociferated several of the privates. “ Forward !” cried their commander, in an authoritative tone. The company moved on ; and the trampling of feet prevented Lucas, who continued muttering, as he earnestly read in the Sacred Volume, from being heard, until he came to a part which appeared to afford him uncommon delight ; then, smarting from the insult just inflicted, he stopped till his companions had passed on ; and cried out to the cavalier, while his countenance beamed with a diabolical expression of defiance and exultation, “ ‘ He† treadeth the winepress of the vengeance and wrath of the Almighty ;’ ‘ and the fowls of the air shall eat the flesh of kings, and the

* Job xxxix. 21, 22.

† Vide Revelations xix. 15—21.

flesh of captains'—read, read, read—and know thy doom—‘the beast and the false prophet shall be cast alive into a lake of fire; and the remnant shall be slain with the sword, and all the fowls be filled with their flesh.’” As he concluded, in a scarcely human, yelling tone of blood-thirsty delight, he hastened forward to join his comrades. “Heed him not,” said Ayscough; “Let not the bitterness of *his* soul mingle with *our* parting feelings. Fare ye well! Let not youthful blood or ardour for promotion prevent thee from retiring occasionally within thyself to think. Adieu!” and, waving his hand, the veteran followed his men with a firm step, that told not a tale of the bye-gone three-score years and ten, after which, man’s strength is but ‘labour and sorrow’ unto him. “Long may thy grey locks shine as an emblem of peace by

thine own cheerful fire-side," exclaimed our hero; "Why should they, in such a place as this, be wildly waving in the breeze as a rallying point for rebellion?"

"Hur asks your honour's pardon," cried Morgan, coming up out of breath; "but, Colonel Bagot was gone away so fast as his horse can gallop, look you; and we was all behind." "And so are we likely to be," said his master: "secure my baggage and the beast that carries it, and join me as quick as possible with the horses, for I am no longer a prisoner." "Now, blessed and praised be his naam who civeth us all coot things," exclaimed Morgan, falling involuntarily upon his knees. "Are you mad, Morgan, or turned puritan?" asked the Colonel. "Neither, neither," replied the poor fellow; "but hur can't contain hurself—you see, hur can't preathe like——" "Well then, run for

it, my good friend," said our hero, smiling, "it will do you good ; and we must mount and be off directly." " Yes, yes, hur knows that, your honour," was the reply ; and the speaker hastened away, scarcely sensible where he was going. His master followed, and soon found Dennis Connel with the horses, over which he kept guard, marching backward and forward in apparent great agitation, whistling, singing, and swearing alternately. " Och ! and is it you at last ? " he cried, at the Colonel's approach : " You must mount this horse, and fly immediately upon the wings of the wind—but I must till you first about my master. Och ! and he's a brave man, Sir, and has a raal lion's heart in the faald o' battle, which I have seen wid my own eyes :—but, by the powers, he couldn't spake jist now, when he tould me." ' Dennis,' says

he, ‘tell the Colonel, that is, my dear young friend Maurice Powell,’ and then there seemed to come a choking-like in his throat; and he turned t’other way, and gave a loud hem—but it wouldn’t do—and, oh! thinks I, that such bosom friends should be sworn inimies. ‘Tell him,’ says he at last, ‘to lave us immadiately, and beware of our stragglers;’ and then he seemed lost—and I thought my looking in his face made him unasy; and I just stooped and made a sham to tie my shoe—and I hard a noise, and looked up, and, whew! away he was gone scampering over the down—and——that’s all.”

“Tell your master, Dennis, that my warmest wishes will attend him till our next meeting, which I trust is not far distant,” said our hero. “Like enough that—but *how* will ye meet?—I beg your honour’s pardon, that’s no business

of mine—bad luck to both sides, say I, though I'm of one myself—oh, here comes your sarvent with the baste o' burden——” “Be quick, Morgan,” cried the Colonel, as he mounted. “Yes, indeed,” was the reply: “Hold you this keffel while hur gets up on t'other, will you?” and giving the led horse to the Irishman, he mounted one qualified to keep up with his master. “Farewell to you, Dennis,” said Colonel Powell, waving his hand as he rode on. “Long life to you, Sir, and all such, cavaliers or roundheads!” shouted Connel. “Naam o' goodness,” roared Morgan, whose agitation of body had produced a corresponding perturbation of mind, “give hur the leading rein, can't you.” “You're a proper fiery Welsh devil, Mister Morgan,” replied Dennis, good-humouredly putting the rein into his hand which he squeezed

fervently. "Hur did not mean any harm," answered the Welshman. "I know that—I know that, my darling—there—scamper away wid a blessing warm from a true Irish heart at your back, and that's mine," said Dennis. "Cot pless you," cried Morgan, with a most rueful countenance, the tear starting to his eye; "Hur can't say any more." "Nivir mind, nivir mind," exclaimed Connel, feeling somewhat qucer (as he afterward expressed it); "I can rade it all in your face like a book." "Come on, Morgan!" cried the Colonel impatiently. The Welshman instinctively pressed his horse's sides; and Dennis was left alone to overtake and rejoin the roundheads.

After riding for about half an hour at a sharp trot, our hero slackened his pace at the foot of one of those rounded ridges of hill which rise in the midst of

cultivation, majestic, and bare of aught but living green, abruptly from the valley. The meagre thin soil which covered the chalk had not tempted man, for his profit, to furrow its side; and it remained undisguised and indicative of the Creator's power; or as an imprint left to record the mighty heaving of diluvian commotions. "We are both at home, I believe," said the Colonel, as they ascended. "Oh, yes, indeed," replied Morgan; "we have visited this spot from Oxford in very different company from that which we have just left." "In a few minutes," observed his master, "by the time we reach the hill-top, I expect to see our old comrades—hark! what sound is that?" "It is some one calling, higher up," said Morgan. "Then we must be close to the King's army; thank God!" They rode in silence till they reached the summit; when at

the distance of a short mile they beheld a strong body of the King's horse in full and hasty march, taking a direction towards Aubourne. The Colonel gazed for some moments in silence on the gallant array. "How noble they look!" cried Morgan; "Praave hearts; Cot pless em:" and, forgetting their distance, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he waved his hat and shouted, "King Charles for ever!" "We have wandered somewhat too far to the eastward," said the Colonel; "but, if we ride along the summit to the end of the hill, we shall fall into their line of march as we descend;" and he proceeded forward, followed by his faithful companion. Ere they had advanced a hundred yards, three armed figures started from the ground, about the same distance before them. "Friend or foe, it is no time nor place to hesitate," ex-

claimed the Colonel: "Draw your sword, Morgan, and come on." The sturdy Briton was in an instant at his master's side; and they rode briskly forward. "See the white of their eyes ere ye fire," cried one of the men, at the same time steadily taking aim with his harquebuss on a rest. "Hold! hold on both sides!" cried a loud commanding voice, which seemed as that of a giant; and a tall figure rushed from the vale across the plain between them. It was Henry Dormer; and the order was simultaneously obeyed. "I saw ye were coming this way; and have, thank God, arrived in time," said he to the Colonel; and then, turning to the harquebussiers, briefly told them that the cavalier had the General's pass. The men instantly laid down their arms, and reclined themselves in peace on the green sward. "The Lord's hand hath been

here," continued Dormer, addressing the Colonel: "tears would else have been shed for thee; than which, I had rather my heart's blood should bedew the turf." "Generous fellow!" mentally exclaimed Colonel Powell, who had been thinking of him since their recent separation as the rejected suitor of Emma Bagot: "Thou art worthy of a better fate, both in love and in war."

At this mistake the reader will not feel surprised, if he hath ever been *really* enamoured, inasmuch as that memory will point out to him how often he hath fancied his beloved *one* to be the admired, the adored, the desired of many, whom, in the pride and exultation of his heart, he hath condescendingly deigned to pity. The expression of kindness in our hero's countenance went to the visionary's inmost soul; and, rent as it was by violent and contend-

ing feelings, operated as a soothing balm—a moment he stood immersed in the luxurious realities of his situation—Elizabeth's only brother and protector was indebted to him for life; and was gazing upon him as a brother, while scenes of future bliss floated indistinctly before him. Alas! such delights were too pure to be long the portion of one in whose breast, miscalled religious, frantic bigotry had gained a lodgment. The malignant demon arose; and, with a master-key, threw open the cells of every confined and hidden prejudice in the soul's darkest and secret corners. The whole fabric rang with the discord; and delusion rushed again to recover possession of his mind with the cry of "Oh my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, *mine honour*, be not thou united." * Gradually

* Genesis xlix. 6.

the calm and benignant lustre, which gleamed in the visionary's dark eyes as they were placidly fixed upon our hero, changed into that fiery sparkling glare which tells of inward and intense anxiety. He turned; and walking a few paces aside, stood with folded arms, watching in silence the motions of the King's troops. In the meanwhile, Morgan had been engaged in recovering the led horse with his master's baggage, which had escaped from him when preparing for the expected encounter. Colonel Powell consequently was left to entertain himself by reflecting on the new and singular situation in which he was placed. "Why did we halt at this madman's cry?" he asked himself. "We might have rode over and passed them." When Morgan came back with the stray beast, Dormer hastily turned, and joined them. "Sir," said he, "we

shall not need to detain you long ; but our duty prevents us from allowing you to proceed till our own return (on which, peradventure, the safety of the chosen dependeth) be secured." "Is this soldier-like conduct ?" asked the Colonel, haughtily. "You called out as a friend, when we were about to force our way past ye, and we desisted. I am not *now* a prisoner on parole ; and if ye seek to detain me, be it at your peril, Mount your horse, Morgan : " and our hero proceeded to his own. A smile of approbation at the gallantry of the action passed across Dormer's countenance, but was instantly succeeded by a contemptuous sneer of self-confident superiority, which it was well the cavalier did not observe. "Now, as my soul liveth," he said in his usual energetic manner, "it was to save *thy* blood only that I called out.—Thou and thy ser-

vant are now mounted upon fleet horses, and we will not stay ye—yet, ~~ye~~ go forward, the brow of this hill shall ye never reach.* The Colonel held in his steed (which pawed the turf, and tossed his head aloft, as if in contemptuous denial of the assertion); and then, drawing his sword, asked, “What mean ye? Speak not for ever in riddles. We make war upon men, and not spirits.” “Perchance against both,” said Dormer; and lifting his hand to his mouth, he sounded a sort of wild and savage war-whoop, which, Morgan afterward affirmed, made him feel as though something were crawling within him; and he expected to see the air filled with spirits. At the signal three men walked deliberately forth from a sunken space, about two hundred paces in advance, that had probably been the scene of many a former night-watch.

They were armed with a sort of lance, to which a bow was attached by the centre; so that, when unstrung, both might be bound together in such a manner as to prove no incumbrance, but rather an advantage, inasmuch as that additional strength was thereby given to the original weapon as a pike.* “Ye would have found it difficult to have reached the brow before the winged shaft,” said Dormer, beckoning to one of the men, whom he addressed, on his approach, with an air of jocularitv: “David, this gentleman has some doubts about your being able to strike a horse at fifty yards.” “His heart at a hundred, you mean,” replied the man

* A very particular account of this weapon, and the mode of exercising therewith, may be found by the curious reader in Grose’s *Military Antiquities*, under the title of “The Double-Armed Man.”

roughly, casting his eye round in search of a mark. "Pshaw! this is not a place fit for the trial; every thing looks too large and plain when the clear blank sky is behind, as it is up here."

"There is a single crow," said one of the roundheads, "coming up out of the valley, and will fly over our heads." "Now God forbid," exclaimed Dormer, with an emotion which, at the time, much astonished our hero. "I could hit any thing better," said David; "the sight of a lone bird of that kind, and his cawing, which seems to threaten one doesn't know what, always makes one's hand shake. But, he must not go by, and so——there!" and "twang" went the bow-string. The shaft flew aloft, seemingly at random; but David's experience had made due allowance, both for the wind and the velocity of the bird by whose side it rushed, as he

scudded along in the air, tearing several feathers from his wing. The poor animal appeared to be falling; and joy was in the eyes of the fanatics, from whom an evil omen appeared to have been averted: but, their exultation was changed for one of those panics where-with superstition delights to punish her slaves; when, recovering from its fright and momentary loss of equilibrium, the tenant of air passed directly over their heads, cawing his anathemas with redoubled violence, and then sailed away down the valley toward the King's army.

"We must begone instantly," said Dormer to his men. "Give me but your word, Colonel Powell, that you will not divulge when and where you have left us, for the space of one hour, and you may go forward in peace and safety." "I pledge you my honour to that effect," said the Colonel. "Nay,

not so," replied Dormer; "but as you hope for mercy through Him who——"
"I know what you would say," replied the Colonel, "and swear by that or any other tie you deem most sacred."
"Enough," said Dormer: "and if the fortune of war should again throw thee among us——" "Or," added the Colonel, "should we catch you in our quarters, you shall see how cavaliers live." "Ye may hurdle in the cuckoo first," cried one of the harquebussiers, laughing. "May we meet rather in peace at Penleon," exclaimed Dormer. "Amen and adieu!" replied the Colonel, putting spurs to his horse; and once more he and Morgan proceeded merrily on their way. The latter, who, like the greater number of his rank in Wales, was by no means free from superstition, felt much surprised that a single crow should pass over him, and be

the herald of good fortune; "but indeed he shall bring bad luck to some of the party," said he to himself; "and we have had enough, as Dennis Connel says, any how." His spirits elevated by recovered freedom, clear air, and rapid motion, to which may be added the consciousness of having made no contemptible figure in the late threatening posture of affairs, the trusty Cambrian ventured to amuse himself by giving vent to sundry doggrel rhymes then in favour among the cavaliers, but which he had, from prudential motives, refrained from uttering for the few last weeks. With more of glee than music, he rode at a respectful distance behind his master, singing the following stave, to a tune which accorded well with the quick step of his steed, and his own rising and falling in the saddle :

“ The roundheads fain would tumble down
The King, the church, the laws, and crown;
But we laugh at their threats, their prayers, and
snarls,
And cry, Huzza for bonny King Charles;
Huzza, huzza; for bonny King Charles, huzza.

He was shouting the chorus over a second time when they arrived in a field over which a regiment of cavalry was moving rapidly. “ It is the Queen’s,” exclaimed our hero; and Lord Jermyn, who commanded it, instantly recognized and rode forward to meet him. “ We have little time for compliment, Powell,” said his Lordship; “ our hounds are in full cry. How have you escaped? We heard that you were a prisoner; but the King took up your cause; and royal hands make quick work.” Our cavalier briefly told his tale, and was informed that Prince Rupert had the command.

“We are expecting to have a dash in among them before night,” said his Lordship; “cavalry must overtake foot. Don’t leap your horses, my lads, when ye can go round! Endeavour to keep them as cool and fresh as possible.” The Colonel’s arrival had been noticed by Prince Rupert, who received him with that haughty supercilious air for which he was as conspicuous as for personal bravery. “So—Colonel Powell, I think?” “The same,” replied our hero; “at your highness’s command.” “There hath been a strange stir in a certain quarter,” said the Prince, “to effect your release: and the eyes of all are upon you in consequence—several have been passed over—but we shall see; no doubt all is for the best.”* “I am

* Prince Rupert was always jealous of the King’s interference in any matter relating to the management of the army.

fully sensible of his Majesty's gracious condescension and my own unworthiness," replied our hero; "and hope your Highness will be pleased to afford me an opportunity of evincing my gratitude." "Pshaw! You must take your chance as to that matter for the present," answered Prince Rupert. "Here is my friend the Marquis de Vieuville," pointing to a gentleman who was near him; "he is a volunteer under Jermyn; and there are several noblemen in similar situations." "With your Highness's leave, I will follow their noble examples." "Please yourself," was the reply; "but, pray who may those people be with whom you were upon the hill?"

"Your Highness shall be fully informed on that head very soon: but I have been induced, I may add compelled by circumstances, to pass my word of honour not to say any thing respect-

ing them for one hour; at the end of which, I shall be happy to relate what trivial matters passed between us.” “How! Sir,” said the haughty Prince; “Is this your mode of evincing gratitude? What! a compact with the enemy?” and his dark scowling brows, projecting under-lip, and swelling nostrils, proclaimed the rising anger within. “Your Highness,” replied the Colonel, proudly, “cannot suspect that.” “And why not?” asked the Prince, sneeringly. Our hero’s heart was full. To be thus, as he conceived, insulted, in the presence of his brother and superior officers, was too much; and he boldly answered, “If it be really possible for your Royal Highness to judge so erroneously, I hope to find an opportunity of compelling you to do me justice before night.” The Prince looked round upon his train of followers with a jeering

smile ; but the generous souls of British officers scorned to join in the petty persecution of a brave brother in arms, even though it were to gratify a King's nephew ; and their eyes were fixed with approbation upon our hero. Perhaps his Highness's own noble and brave heart smote him : but pride,* haughty and ascendant over all better feelings forbade one of royal blood to stand corrected by a private gentleman. Strange is it that such a paltry passion should have power to command a great mind to demean itself, because it happens to be confined within a body descended from those who soared above their fellow-

* Prince Rupert lost more, in a variety of ways, by his rashness and petulance than he ever gained for the King by his bravery and military skill. Witness Naseby-field, his conduct at the council previous to the battle of Marston-moor, treatment of the Duke of Newcastle, &c. &c.

men, and left a deathless fame behind. Perhaps the fault might have been with education or flattery : but on such points let the deep-thinking philosopher decide.

Turning to Colonel Powell, Prince Rupert observed, with an air of affected carelessness, " Oh !—now I remember—You are one of the Welshmen ; and they are soon ruffled." His Highness then turned away, and began a private conversation with some officers near him. Our hero had, on several prior occasions, been witness to the Prince's hasty manner of expressing himself to persons of the first importance and rank ; and, consequently, felt less than might otherwise be imagined : yet he was obliged to call in the pleasing recollection that the King was his warm friend, ere he could allay the impetuous current of his blood, which, at first, boiled

within him. At length all became settled into a calm determination to vent his spleen upon the roundheads, of whom they got sight toward evening, and soon overtook. There was more of regularity and method in their march than the cavaliers had expected; and an old captain of Gustavus' school, who went forward with a single troop to reconnoitre and harass them if possible, reported that the game was something like catching crabs on the sea-shore, where they always seemed to be running away, but, when overtaken, raised their claws aloft, in defiance. "We must dash in," said the veteran, "and lay them on their backs at once."

The enemy's light cavalry being driven in, and a hedge or two cleared of musqueteers, a sort of running-fight commenced between the two opposing parties, which continued as long as twilight en-

abled them to discern friend from foe, and, ultimately, ended in darkness near Hungerford, which the Parliament's army occupied that night; and the King's horse proceeded to join his Majesty's foot, which had been enabled, in consequence of the check received by the enemy in this skirmish, to reach Newbury first, and thereby cut off the Earl of Essex's retreat to London.

Having thus briefly stated the intent, nature, and result of this engagement, we proceed to the part which our hero took therein. He was announced by the Lord Jermyn to his regiment as a favourite pupil of the immortal Swede. A fit introduction at such a moment. Our hero raised his hand to return the obeisance of his brother officers; but, ere he could reach his hat, a random ball had struck it off most opportunely; and he sat, uncovered, upon his horse.

The stage effect of the occurrence pleased the surrounding cavaliers much ; and our hero got no little credit for his calm deportment on the occasion. Morgan's conduct was totally the reverse ; but was, nevertheless, equally admired by his comrades. He happened to be dismounted ; and, on seeing the hat fall, turned pale as ashes, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets as he gazed upon his master, whom he expected to see follow it to the ground : but, perceiving no movement among the cavaliers, the blood returned with ten-fold flush into his cheeks, and he ran forward to pick up the hat, which he ~~wiped~~ with much emotion, and then, gravely and respectfully, returned it, while his heart swelled with pride at the conspicuous situation held by the Colonel at the moment. " 'They who play tricks with the lion's head

(Pen-leon), mayhap shall feel his claws and teeth very soon, you see," said he indignantly, when rejoining his fellow-servants, among whom he was immediately promoted to be a prime favourite. Indeed, it may be observed, that an old servant and his master are, in society, somewhat like two parallel horizontal lines, the progress of each being equal, though one moves beneath the other.

The enemy's rear-guard had been forced to retire in disorder upon the main body of their army, when Lord Jermyn received a command from Prince Rupert to charge, before they should have recovered from their confusion. "Forward! my lads," shouted his Lordship, gaily; and the QUEEN's moved on with a smiling alacrity that seemed to thank their Colonel for a favour granted, rather than as though obeying a command. They appeared

more like school-boys, to whom the pedagogue has just given leave to go and play, than men rushing to mortal combat. "A finer field for a charge would I never wish to see," said his Lordship, as they drew nearer to the enemy. "In case of separation use your own discretion, Powell. Do you recognize any of those fellows in front?" Our hero, at this moment, discovered Ayscough rallying his men, and replied, "There's an old captain, now re-forming his company, to whom I owe somewhat for past attention. He that walks slowly in front," pointing, "there——" "No, my Lord, more to the right—he'll form their left centre, if those next him, which I take for some London blues, can make a rally of it." "We shall not give them time," said his Lordship. "Halt! a moment's breath for the horses. Steady, my lads—Dress

by the centre. Attention! Fifty crowns to the man who takes the old tall round-head Captain, now in front of his company, alive—ye'll know him by his height.” “I'll add fifty more,” cried our hero from the ranks, into which he was falling, “if he be taken unhurt.” “Forward!” shouted his Lordship; and the line moved on. “Forward!” was again the cry; and the eager horses took a longer and a quicker step—and then the gallant nobleman gave the word. “In the King's name—Charge!” and, as though one soul animated the whole line, they rushed forward compact and resistless.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE crash was but momentary on the right; and our hero felt somewhat disappointed to find that he was past the enemy's line, without having had an opportunity of distinguishing himself: but Ayscough's men had withstood the shock in the centre; and the old man and Lucas fought like lions. It was in vain; for the squadron, in which Colonel Powell was, wheeling to the left-about, attacked them in the rear. "Accept quarter, Captain Ayscough," cried our hero, in the hottest of the strife: "Throw down your sword, and you are safe—your bravery cannot avail against numbers." "Is it thee, reviler?" shouted Lucas, discharging a pistol, which did its duty but too well, and

brought the Colonel's horse to the ground. "I saved that shot on purpose for one more devilish than the rest," yelled the fanatic, leaping upon his adversary before he could rise; "and thou art the man!" The perilous situation in which the Colonel was, gave him additional strength and activity; and, catching hold of his assailant, they lay, for some time, struggling together upon the ground; then, rising, as though by mutual consent, to recover breath, they began a furious but momentary conflict; for the sword had passed through Lucas's body almost ere his antagonist was aware. Falling on his knees, he attempted vainly to strike at his deadly foe. Then, sensible of his situation, and true to the last to that delusion which had been his boast, he shouted, "They that be slain with the sword, are better than they that be slain

with hunger: for these *pine* away." * The last words became weak and inarticulate; and, as he uttered them, he fell among the surrounding bodies of those whom he had decoyed to the slaughter. Scarcely a second had elapsed, when a cavalier called out, "Hark! a retreat is sounded." The trumpet must be obeyed; and the Queen's regiment retired in good order; our hero mounted upon a trooper's horse taken from the enemy. It then appeared, that the recall was in consequence of Sir Philip Stapleton's approach with a body of cavalry to the relief of the Parliament's rear-guard. Old Ayscough had escaped in the confusion, much to our cavalier's disappointment; for, next to Colonel Bagot, he was the person whom he least liked the idea of meeting in the field.

The remaining part of the day was

* Lamentations iv. 9.

occupied in a series of chivalrous attacks by small parties, in which much personal courage was displayed on both sides. Lord Jermyn and Lord Digby were wounded; and a standard lost by the roundheads. The Marquis de Vieuville, a fine young French nobleman, was near our hero on one of these occasions; and, having wounded Colonel Kilson, a Parliament officer was pursuing him. "Come back, Marquis!" cried Maurice Powell, whose Gustavan notoriety had given him some influence. "Call to him, Beaveau." It was in vain; the white feather rushed in the twilight after the flying yellow scarf for some distance, when there appeared a sudden check. "Volunteers *only* to the rescue!" shouted our hero, dashing forward, and instantly followed by a chosen few of those who love the forlorn hope: but, ere they could reach

the spot, the white plume was levelled with the earth ; and some of the noblest blood in France was trickling among that of England's sons. The Marquis was no more : and a troop of Sir Philip Stapleton's horse prevented our hero's little party from rescuing the body. It was a dreadful anomaly, arising from the inflamed, angry, and unnatural feelings excited by rebellion ; that * he,

* The French extol the prowess of Chartres, Vieuville, Persaus, and Beaveau, who came over with the Comte de Harcourt,* whom the young King, Louis XIV. (or rather the Queen Regent) sent to England in the quality of ambassador extraordinary, to negotiate a reconciliation between King Charles and his Parliament. These four lords offered their services to the King, and

* Lord Clarendon says, that the Marquis de Vieuville, " who was killed in the battle, had attended the Queen out of Holland, and put himself as a volunteer in the Lord Jermyn's regiment."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. p. 266.

of Gaul, should be lamented more by Briton's sons than all their brethren

were actually in battle. See the French History of the reign of Charles I. by Delarry, who relates the fall of the Marquis de Vieuville, as we have described it, taking his authority in preference to that of "*Mercurius Belgicus, a Briefe Chronologie, &c.*" published in 1646, in which it is asserted, that the Marquis was taken prisoner, and afterward murdered in cold blood by the rebels. For the credit of human nature we must suspect many of the assertions, published about that time, under the sanction of either party, to be merely the offspring of politic misrepresentation. An Englishman will be reluctant to believe, that as Essex's army passed through Chipping Norton, in their way to relieve Gloucester, a woman, whose *only* crime was that of crying out "God bless the cavaliers," was therefore stripped to the middle, tied to the tail of a cart, and whipped for two miles' march with cart-whips, and her body cut so deep therewith, as if it had been lanced with knives. "The torment being so great, she cast herself (as much as her straight bonds would give leave) on the ground, so to

of the soil, whose corpses lay strewed around, fresh from the merciless sword of self-applauding fratricides. Night prevented further operations; and our hero, with the cavalry to which he was attached, proceeded toward Newbury, and joined the main body of the King's army. The next day, Tuesday the 19th of September, 1643, the Earl of Essex advanced from Hungerford; and, on the following day, was fought the first battle of Newbury, in which both parties claimed the victory. The King shelter herself from their stripes; but, in a most barbarous manner, they dragged her along, inso-much that her legs and feet were so much torne by their stony rough ways, that her flesh was worn off in many places to the very bones; at last they left her a miserable spectacle of their cruelty: in this miserable condition lay this poore soul for some daies, and since died of the wounds she received."—*Mercurius Rusticus*, No. xv. p. 145.

retained possession of the town, by the north end of which the high road passes ; but the Earl of Essex accomplished his desired purpose of proceeding eastward, although harassed by his Majesty's forces, who, " at the entrance of 'Theale, put his rear-guard to the rout ; so that they ran over and disordered their foot." * Ultimately they reached London, where the Earl was received with accumulated triumphal honours. With this hasty sketch we dismiss the broad outline of those important movements, which shook the kingdom to its centre, and proceed to the more immediate business of our tale.

Prince Rupert, whose own personal courage amounted to temerity, had closely watched, and in his own mind

* Rushworth.—*Histor. Collect.* vol. v. p. 295.

done ample justice to our hero ; for there is a generous sort of masonic sympathy among the truly brave in the hour of peril ; as devoid of envy as that wherewith partners in a ball-room may admire each other's dancing. The battle had commenced, soon after day-break, by a successful attack, led by Essex in person, on Bigg's-hill, a commanding station, which had been previously occupied for the King. Sir Philip Stapleton, who commanded a party of the Parliament's troops, consisting of the Earl of Essex's guard and regiment of horse, and Colonel Dalbeir's regiment, was next successful in repelling a furious charge made upon him by the cavaliers, whom he not only sent to the right-about, " but pursued with great execution to near the place where their main body of horse stood, whence some fresh re-

giments advanced upon him, but with the same success." *

Prince Rupert appeared much chagrined at these events. "Pshaw!" said he to an officer near him, "when men get the command of regiments and brigades, they forswear fighting, methinks. Where's that hot-headed Welshman that growled at me like a bull-dog the day before yesterday, because I would not give him a squadron to dash about with?" "He was at the hill in the first of the morning, and please your Highness," was the reply; "but was the last man to retreat; and backed his horse, fighting the ground by inches down the steep, till Essex himself cried out, "Bravo! cavalier;" and called off three heavy armed troopers, who were just——" "Aye, aye, is it so?" exclaimed the Prince, hastily. "A sol-

dier never spares an enemy who flatters till he has fairly got him down. So send Taffy here.—Now his blood's up he'd fight the devil." On our hero's appearance, he was received by the Prince with a smile, intended to indicate his Highness's approbation and unmixed good will: but, the jaundiced mind within perverted the expression, and gave him more the air of Cassius smiling; "in such a sort, as though he mocked himself." "Ah, Colonel Powell at last," said he; "I thought we had lost you." "Your Highness will, I trust, pardon me," answered the Colonel, "for asking Lord Jermyn for leave to quit the right wing, who are kept idle by the hedges." "That's no place for you, Powell," said the Prince, warmly; "I heard of you at the hill, and wish some of the rest had been more like ye:—and now there's another

charge failed against that fellow Stapleton. What are those troops joining him?" "Ramsay's, Harvey's, and Goodwin's," replied the Colonel. "It's of no avail now to charge by regiments: but your Highness has horse enough to sweep them away like a torrent." "It is my intention," said the Prince, in a determined tone. "Don't be far from me, Powell. Consider yourself no longer Lord Jermyn's, but the King's volunteer. Pike-trailing and riding in the ranks befit not such as you—you have redeemed your pledge." Here his Highness bit his lip; and a shadow of startled pride crossed his brow, as though fearful of having committed too great a condescension; but his better genius prevailed, and he continued in a somewhat mournful tone: "I am hasty, Colonel; and have more to make me so than ye wot of—though all the world

know enough——” He then slightly inclined his head to our hero, and rode away, muttering between his teeth, “Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.” Very soon afterward, as the spirit of the storm, the bravest of the brave, the haughty and gallant Rupert led on the whole body of the King’s horse to the charge. It were vain to attempt the delineation of such a scene; we shall leave, therefore, to our readers the task of imagining the closing shock, the ringing steel, the shout and wild outcry, and the “rapture of the strife.” “Sir Philip Stapleton was surrounded; and, both parties being mixed together, many were slain in that confusion.” * Colonel Powell was in the midst thereof; and, perceiving the enemy at length to give way, cried, “Huzza! my boys, they run. Now, don’t be rash; mind that

* Rushworth.

lane——” “Forward!” shouted Prince Rupert: “Follow them close; down with them.” The brave cavaliers instantly dashed into the lane after the enemy, who retreated upon their own foot in that direction; and the consequence was, that most of them were cut off, and three colours of horse* were taken by Stapleton’s troopers.

Colonel Powell, having differed in opinion with the Prince, deemed himself doubly bound in honour to follow his directions; and was among those who, shouting like wild huntsmen, rushed after the enemy down that fatal lane. In the midst of their career, they were arrested by a volley of musquetry from behind the hedges, which the enemy had cautiously lined. Men and horses went reeling to the earth. “We are entrapped,” cried our hero.

* Rushworth.

“To the right-about, ere they can form in our rear—See, see, the roundheads are already pouring into the lane behind ye—About ! about ! and dash by them.” Uttering these words, Colonel Powell was turning his horse, when the poor animal fell suddenly dead upon its side, and lay heavy and motionless on its rider, who in vain endeavoured to extricate himself from excessive pain, as, unfortunately, his wounded limb was beneath the hapless charger. “Save yourselves, my lads,” he again shouted ; and the ill-fated cavaliers attempted a retreat, but the way was already occupied by the enemy. The encounter was desperate and short ; and the lane was choked up by those who fell ; few of the cavaliers escaped ; and the roundheads, for their own convenience, marched toward their main body through the fields. The Colonel was, consequently, left among the dying and the dead,

while the wild outcry of the battle raging around, vibrating in his ears, added mental to the acute bodily pain which he endured. Both, at length, became so excruciating as to produce a total privation of sense, and our hero lay insensible to all that passed.

On recovering, he found himself placed upon a grassy bank beneath the hedge: it was evening, and two figures were anxiously watching over him. "He's alive, Captain Dormer," cried one; and the Colonel recognized the voice of Dennis Connel. "Now God be praised!" ejaculated the visionary; and, unable to utter another word, he fell upon his knees, bowed his head literally unto the dust, and appeared to be sobbing like a child. "Och, and is that you that fight like a tyger, now the Colonel wants hilp?" said the Irishman. "Get up, for shame. What's

the matter wid mysilf, I wonder? Bo-
deration! Indade, your honour, I'm glad
to see you come back again, any how,
though he does make me look so—Och,
Sir, he's been praying for you so, that
I fild my heart hot and cold, and cold
and hot, all within, and—I'm thankful
he gained his point." Dormer arose
from the ground, and, stretching his
arms towards Heaven, fervently ex-
claimed, "My soul mounteth towards
thee in joy and gratitude:" then, turn-
ing to our hero, he continued, "This
is a melancholy meeting, Sir." "How!"
asked the Colonel, rousing himself;
"Have ye gained the battle?" "Nay,
talk not of such trifles," said Dormer;
"There is one now passing through the
valley of the shadow of death, to whom
we must bear thee." "Wilt thou ever
speak in riddles?" asked our hero.
"What mean ye?" "Colonel Bagot,"

replied Dormer, in a solemn tone. Maurice Powell started up like a man who has received an unexpected wound, but fell back through weakness. Dormer called to some soldiers at a short distance : the Colonel was placed on a hurdle, and borne away in silence ; his mind too much agitated to ask any farther questions. The distance appeared tedious to him : the dusk was every moment growing deeper ; and, at intervals were heard, along the valley, shouting and the rolling of musquetry.

They descended obliquely into the plain ; and, at length, Dormer, in almost a whisper, ordered the bearers to halt, and walked forward by himself. In about a minute he returned ; and, as he led the men on, pointed, and said, " There." Our hero was gently lowered upon the turf by the side of Colonel Bagot, who sat leaning against a young elm. " My

dear friend," said the veteran, feebly extending his hand; "this is a relief that I hardly dared to hope for, though Dormer told me that he saw your horse fall in the lane. I am indeed happy to see you once more, ere I——" "Ye may return to your post," said Dormer to the men; and they immediately withdrew. Dennis placed himself so as to support his wounded master, whom he had reluctantly left, at his own positive order, to seek our hero. The young visionary was retiring, but returned at Colonel Bagot's desire. "Sit ye down, my young friend," said he; and Dormer bent on one knee. "Be ye henceforth brethren," continued the veteran; then, turning to Colonel Powell, "Should you survive, Maurice, to you I commit the care of my honour and my dear daughter—happily my post has been in the left wing to-day. It

was a random shot, early in the fight ; but——” “ You will yet do well, Sir, and execute your own wishes,” said our hero, rousing himself for his friend’s sake. “ No,” replied Colonel Bagot, solemnly, “ never again shall I behold that sun which has just set.” “ But,” exclaimed Dormer, “ the day everlasting shall break in upon ye—‘ the sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings.’ ” “ You have reminded me,” said the veteran, “ of what I ought now alone to think of ; and I thank ye—One word more with you—Take this packet ; and, if Colonel Powell survives not, I charge ye, to deliver it yourself to his sister.” “ Sir ! ” exclaimed Dormer, turning pale, while his hand shook violently as he received the paper ; and he scarcely credited the evidence of his senses. “ Take it,” added the veteran, solemnly, “ and bear it to *her*, as you

value the repose of a departed spirit : it is of consequence to me *after* death— They may tear my body in pieces ; or the birds of heaven may feed *here*,” laying his hand on his heart ; “ but, let not that packet be lost ere it shall reach *her* hands, and *then* I am secure——”

A roundhead officer here ran up in haste, and shouted, “ Halloo ! Dormer ! Why tarry ye there ? Our lines are fallen back for the night ; and there’s a party of cavaliers now coming across this way for Donington Castle.* Come,

* Donington, Dunnington, or Dennington Castle, the remains of which yet form a picturesque object among high trees, about a mile to the north of the Bath and London road, at Speen-hill, was then and long after held for the King, and proved a great annoyance to his foes. Colonel, afterward Sir John Boys, defended it most nobly against several desperate assaults ; before one of which he was summoned, and told, that if he did not surrender, the assailants, hav-

or ye are a prisoner." "Go forward, and I will follow," said Dormer. The man loitered for a minute or two, and all was silent; then the tread of approaching cavalry was heard; and, after taking a mute but eloquent farewell of our hero, the visionary departed with his comrade. On their approach to the Parliament's lines, they were met by Ayscough, who asked with manifest agitation, "Have ye parted in the darkness? Why comes not Colonel Bagot up with you?" Dormer solemnly replied, "As the cloud is consumed and

ing an overwhelming strength in artillery, would not leave one stone standing upon another, but would utterly destroy the Castle. The intrepid Cavalier replied, "Then come and do so; I am not bound to build it up again; but, by God's grace, I'll keep the ground afterward." This Castle is moreover worthy of note, from having formerly been the seat of Geoffery Chaucer.—*Vide Clarendon.*

vanisheth away : so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more.' " *

Maurice Powell sat by the side of Emma's father, unable to believe the sad reality. " The bitter curse of broken hearts light upon them who brought ye to this, my dear master," cried Dennis ; supporting the body, now no longer conscious of his attention. " Take off that scarf, Connel," said our hero, recollecting himself as the cavaliers approached. Dennis saw the policy of such an act, and instantly tore away the disgraceful emblem. When the horsemen were passing, the Colonel shouted, " King Charles's friends." " What cheer, comrade ? " was the reply, and the squadron halted : an officer, accompanied by half a dozen privates, then rode up to the tree, and, recognising our cavalier,

immediately furnished him with a horse, on which he was carefully mounted. "Dennis," he said, "you may come with me, if you will, to the castle." "No, sir, I'll wake here till the morning," replied the Irishman. "Nonsense!" cried a cavalier, "Come with us, and refresh yourself; and I'll return with you, and bring up the body before day-break." Dennis hesitated; but the cravings of nature were resistless. "And will you promise me, now?" he asked the cavalier; who replied, "on my honour." "Enough, I'll go," said Connel; "but how will we find the place? Oh, here's a tawny scarf, the Lord only knows how it came here; I'll tie it to the tree." "Give it me," said the cavalier, "I can reach higher from the saddle;" and he fastened it aloft on the waving elm, where it was left to flutter

in the night wind over the cold remains of him who “slept the sleep that knows no waking.” Our hero woke the next morning at Donington Castle in a high fever, produced by his former wound, and the accident already related. King Charles was graciously pleased to visit him in person, and he thus had the satisfaction of relating Colonel Bagot’s words in the royal ear. His majesty appeared much affected. “His remains, most gracious sovereign,” continued the Colonel, “are, I fear, exposed and unburied. May I crave—?” “It shall be done, if possible,” said the unhappy monarch; “I would that due and solemn rites were *always* performed; but, alas! in these times, it cannot be: and, should we fail in this instance, remember what Lucan writes on Cæsar’s not suffering the dead bodies to be burned, after the battle

of Pharsalia." His majesty then repeated those beautiful lines, commencing :—

" Hos, Cæsar, populos si nunc non usserit ignis,
Uret cum Terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti.
Communis mundo superest Rogus, ossibus astra
Misturus." * * *

and concluded emphatically,

" Libera fortunâ mors est : capit omnia Tellus
Quæ genuit : Cælo tegitur *qui* non habet urnam."

In the evening, Colonel Powell had the satisfaction of hearing, that his friend's remains were interred with accustomed and respectful ceremonies, in the small church-yard below the hill at Speen; but Dennis Connel was not to be found: he had, as agreed upon, accompanied the cavalier, who said, that a party of roundheads came suddenly upon them, and, taking care of himself, he lost his companion. All inquiry was

vain ; and our hero had the pleasure of seeing the trusty Morgan enter his room, amply to compensate for the want of Connel's attention ; yet, as the faithful attendant of Colonel Bagot, he felt anxious to make some provision for him.

We shall here take our leave of La Rose, the French valet, whom Colonel Powell left with the roundheads before the fight of Aubourne chase. The poor fellow arrived among the first at Hungerford, having no desire to be shot for the sake of a colour that he neither cared about, nor knew the meaning of. He was sitting at the outside of a small public-house, when the rear-guard came in, bearing strong marks of the recent conflict. " A seat, and a cup of water, for God's sake ! " cried one of Ayscough's men, drawing his arm across his clammy brow, as he reeled and fell upon the bench beside the good-natured valet,

who instantly started up, and, like the good Samaritan, supplied his wants, and, kneeling, bound up his wounds. He was thus occupied, when a light from the window glanced upon a dead body that lay across a horse. “ I shall soon be like that,” said the wounded man, with a wild stare. La Rose turned round to see what it was that affected his patient so violently ; but was himself struck with a feeling of horror at perceiving, that the corpse was habited in a doublet and cloak of the well-known Paris cut. Leaping from the ground, he rushed forward, and recognized the unfortunate Marquis de Vieuville : then, jumping upon the horse, he seized the body in his arms ; the animal started, and poor La Rose fell, with the corpse to which he clung, to the ground, where he lay sobbing and crying, “ Oh, mon maître ! mon cher maître ! Reveillez, reveillez,

pour l'amour de Dieu. C'est votre pauvre La Rose qui vous appelle. Réveillez ! Oh, reveillez !” “ Part them,” said Watkins. “ I cannot,” replied the man, to whom he spoke ; “ he clenches his hands so tight.” “ Then hew them asunder, even as ye do a block of wood,” added the unfeeling puritan. “ Nay,” said Ayscough, who came up at the moment ; “ rather cast the dead and the living together into that cart, where the straw is, and drive off. Ye should never bring dead bodies where the wounded are, after the battle : it startles them.” The order was obeyed ; and La Rose spent the night with his master's corpse, which was, subsequently, ransomed for five hundred crowns : and the Comte de Harcourt, at our hero's request, took the disconsolate valet into his service, and sent him back to his native country, where, after many years

of faithful servitude, he married, and spent the evening of his days in the profession of perruquier, at Langon, in his native province of Gascony ; where he delighted much to entertain his customers, and, occasionally, a choice circle at the café, with marvellous relations of what he had seen in the civil wars of Great Britain.

Devoted to their gallant commander, all at Donington Castle were gay and brave ; and the impregnable nature of its elevated situation, frowning above the plain, created a feeling of superiority over the enemy, even among the females, who would walk at eve upon the ramparts, and laugh at the comparative insignificance of puny men, toiling, far beneath, like emmets, in the valley. In such a situation it was our hero's mishap to be confined for several weeks, ere the skilful leech would allow him to proceed

by easy journies into Pembrokeshire, whither, notwithstanding the attractions there existing, we must do him the justice to say, he reluctantly travelled. Oxford, where the King then was, had been his destined point, until he received an intimation from Prince Rupert, that, as he would for sometime be incapable of that description of active service most useful to the King's cause, it were better that he should take the opportunity of the armies' retiring into winter quarters, to recruit himself: and, that, in the spring, he might rely on his merits being duly appreciated, &c. &c.

The unfortunate reasons for this communication were, that the unhappy King was " beset * by petitioners (who had suffered in his behalf) for places, re-

* See Lord Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion, vol. ii. p. 300.

wards, &c. ; ” which he had not the ability to grant, and, sometimes, wanted resolution to refuse, when convinced of the claimant’s personal self-devotion to his cause. “ Discontent ensued ; ” and it became the court policy to keep away all persons who were likely to petition, or appeared to have any peculiar claim to royal favour.

Our hero was judged to be of the latter class ; and the circumstance of his being wounded was eagerly seized, to prevent him from adding one more to the number of dissatisfied loiterers about the court at Christ Church. At the end of his second day’s journey, he learned these particulars, and smiled with conscious superiority at those who could suppose that *he*, the heir of Penleon, could possibly have been an unwelcome hanger on around the skirts of dejected majesty.

Dismissing political matters, we beg the reader, if he hath ever been a lover, to imagine the eager and feverish haste with which our hero travelled over the well-known road, every mile of which seemed unaccountably stretched to a tedious length, till the venerable towers of his ancestors broke in upon his view. He galloped, with Morgan at his heels, through the village of Llandewy, hastily returning the curtsies of those few dames who were nimble enough to reach their doors ere he past ; and soon found himself at the warder's gate. It was yet day-light, but the massy portal was closed ; and Morgan began to exercise his vocation, according to the London and Oxford mode, upon the clumsy iron knocker. Rees was soon heard growling within, and the tinkling of keys announced his approach to a small iron grating, through which he cautiously eyed the

disturber of his peace. "Come, be quick, Rees," cried Morgan; "open the gat, and don't keep hur master waiting." "Cot pless hur! Cot pless hur!" said the old man, "inteed, it was hur ownself;" and, instead of opening the gate, he began to turn round, as though seized with a vertigo, holding the keys at arm's length, and calling, "Marcaret, here! come you, Marcaret! Cot pless us—here was hur master come pack, look you."

"Why don't you open the gate, Price?" shouted the Colonel. "Hark you!" cried the old man, within, "Marcaret, it was hur own voice, Cot pless hur!" and he began shaking the keys, and toddling about in clumsy imitation of dancing. Margaret came forth, after having hastily adjusted her dress, and, snatching the emblems of office from her husband, unbolted, and threw back the heavy iron bound gates, when the cavalier and

Morgan rushed by across the yard to the hall door; and Margaret, as she closed the portal, was heard to whimper a word or two, about “not even looking this way;” and something like offended pride arose in the mind of the former undisputed rose of the servant’s hall.

Elizabeth was riding in the park, to which her equestrian excursions had latterly been confined from motives of prudence, as the country around was in a very unsettled state; and Emma was in her own room on the Colonel’s arrival. “Tell Miss Bagot, that a gentleman wishes to see her,” said he to a servant, as soon as Morgan had supported him to an arm-chair; “but do not say who it is.” Emma had borne the tidings of her parent’s death as one who feels deeply, but resolves to endure: yet was she subject to that deceitful and extraordinary tenacity of hope, which will not

permit the human mind to believe what reason cannot question. Vague fancies that her father might have been left among the wounded, or that another body might be mistaken for his, would, in spite of her better judgment, float across her imagination, and whisper the possibility of his return. "Is he a soldier?" she asked eagerly, when our hero's message was delivered; "yes, Miss," was the reply; and Emma rushed breathless down stairs, burst open the parlour-door, and, ere she was aware, found herself in the arms of her lover.

The bitterest tears have somewhat of sweetness, if shed with those whom we fondly love; and the sympathy of mutual sorrow bindeth the heart closer than the gossamer zone of pleasure can endure. The lovers sat in a delirium of enjoyment; Emma's eyes alternately weeping, when speaking of her father, and glis-

tain side began to feel its fermenting effects.

Convinced that it would be unsafe to leave the ladies unprotected, Colonel Powell persuaded them to accompany him to England. In the middle of winter they departed ; and, after a fatiguing journey, during which nothing material occurred, reached Bristol, then one of the cities of refuge for persons guilty of loyalty, or “malignants,” as styled by the roundheads. Here an event occurred, at which it has been usual, from time immemorial, to bid adieu to the hero of a tale. Fain would we go with him again to the wars, and tell how the puritans fell and fled before a gallant high-born band, whom he led on, greedy of fame, at Marston Moor. We would accompany them in a long, hazardous, and masterly retreat, after that disastrous battle ; and then with the brave

Colonel Gage, across the country from Oxford, to relieve the Marquis of Worcester at Basing House; and more than all, we would tell of Naseby's fatal field, where, the family records say, that our hero met the adamantine Cromwell face to face; and the future tyrant might never have "waded through slaughter to a throne," had it not been for Ayscough's sudden and intrepid interference. The remembrance of past kindness paralyzed the Colonel's arm; and his uplifted sword descended not upon those grey hairs. A moment they sat, silently gazing on each other, when the old man mournfully spake, "Thy zeal is as the zeal of Saul. May thine end likewise be even as his;" and slowly he rode away.

These are matters which we can but glance at; for, in February, 1644, Colonel Maurice Powell was united to

Emma Bagot, at the church of Saint Mary Redcliff; and we have heard fair ladies say, that after such an event, the couple cease to excite any interest. We submit, therefore, first adding a word or two in alleviation of Emma's apparent disrespect to the memory of her father. The beloved of her heart was going to the battle, and might never return. Her guide and counsellor, Elizabeth, whose mind was haunted by the dread of her brother's falling unmarried, and the consequent utter extinction of the ancient house of Powell, besought the poor girl with tears, and upon her knees, to wave the compliance with a custom which could not afford pleasure to the dead, even if permitted to watch over our actions; "for," she concluded, "he gave ye with his dying breath to my brother, and you have now no other protector." A reluctant assent having

once passed her lips was held sacred, and ratified by a solemn vow at the altar. At Bristol, Elizabeth and her beloved sister resided, and were occasionally visited by our cavalier, till the middle of the next year; when, “a disease,* which was supposed to be the plague, breaking out there,” they embarked for Brittany; as Penleon no longer afforded protection, its outer walls having been destroyed by the roundheads in the preceding summer. Emma went on shipboard, a wife and mother; and Elizabeth, watching like a guardian angel over the precious freight, saw the young heir of Penleon land a refugee on the Gallic shore.

Our hero continued in England as long as any party remained for his Majesty, and then retired into the bosom of his increasing family, dwelling in

* Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 509.

peace in the small town of Belle Isle en terre. An offer of compounding at a moderate rate for the estate of Penleon, after the lapse of twelve months, induced the wanderers to return into Pembrokeshire; though, perhaps, the terms would not have been accepted, had our hero known that they were granted in consideration of "the delinquent's wife being the only daughter of Colonel Bagot, who died, fighting the battles of the Lord, at Newbury." This circumstance was not discovered till some years after; when it appeared, that old Ayscough, who had acquired a seat and much influence in the Parliament, arranged the whole affair.

We must now say somewhat of Henry Dormer, whom Colonel's Bagot's death had impressed with strong suspicion as to the justice of the cause in which he was engaged. "Can that be of God,"

he asked himself, "which hangeth li remorse heavily upon the soul in death?" His zeal gradually slackened; and, after carefully examining the Scriptures, and recollecting the short conversations which he had allowed himself to hold on the subject with our hero and Elizabeth, his doubts increased; but growing conviction was at length destined to be completed, by confirmation strong as proof of holy writ, when he beheld the venerable Archbishop Laud dragged as a criminal to the block. His calm and dignified *déportment*,* his earnest exhortation, his christian charity and fervent prayer for his enemies, struck conviction and remorse into the visionary's soul. The aged victim trembled not: his feeble limbs refused not their support, but bore him slowly to the scaffold, where he bowed down his head

* Vide Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 440; and History of England, *passim*.

meekly, and not a shadow of fear overclouded the serenity of his countenance. The axe fell—and from that moment Dormer execrated his deluders, and attached himself warmly to the opposite party. It had so happened, that, though as actively employed as the Colonel, they had never met since the affair of Cröpedy Bridge, when Dormer's unusual lukewarmness in action surprised his enemies, and excited suspicion in the minds of his associates. It was the visionary's fate to serve his Sovereign in the west; and to be with Lord Hopton when the war was terminated in that quarter, by the breaking up of his army, and the departure of the Prince of Wales and his Lordship for Scilly; whither Dormer likewise sojourned for a time, wandering alone, or, seated on the rock, listening amid the wild waves' dashing roar, and bent on identifying himself with some spirit of the storm; for

change in political opinion caused no alteration of his belief in supernatural agency, or that mortals may hold converse with unearthly beings. From this romantic retreat, the visionary was borne across the Atlantic by a vessel on board of which he embarked with the wild resolution of secluding himself far from the abodes of men, in some deep solitude, where he might, unchecked, give loose to his ardent imagination; and, breathing free air on lofty peaks, where man ne'er trod before, gaze in admiration and wonder upon the untamed "might, majesty, and dominion" of nature. "There," said he, "I shall forget all that I have known of man. No more shall my hand be decoyed to shed the innocent blood. No more shall my heart be tortured by false and ambitious hopes. Alone, amid the storm, that no ear but mine shall hear, 'mid wide-stretched prospects, which mine

eyes only shall behold—there will I dwell *alone*: and, dying, none shall hear of me.” He gazed stedfastly over the ship’s side during this soliloquy; a keen pang shot across his heart, and he could proceed no further. The vessel’s stem flashed through the midnight-deep, rushing toward its destined course. “We fly,” he exclaimed, wildly; “but it *must* be.” Then, after a pause, he continued. “She will inquire for me; and they shall reply, ‘We heard not of him.’ She shall look for me on the next week; and, *perchance*, may hope again to behold me, when I shall lie, unconsciously, wrapt in the dank and heavy cloud that rolleth upon the mountain. But, Elizabeth! we shall meet again in heaven.” The misanthropic visionary’s future path of life was; however, destined to be far different from that which he had marked out to himself. Arriving in New England, he found the only

brother of his late father upon the bed of death. This gentleman, who had always ranked among the first class of mercantile settlers, had, within the two or three preceding years, amassed large sums, in consequence of the Parliament's order, that "The inhabitants of New England should trade free."*. His illness was incurable and lingering; and our visionary watched over the only relative he had, with an anxiety which beguiled him from many a self-tormenting reverie. In the performance of so christian-like a duty, we quit him for the present, and return into Pembroke-shire.

Colonel Powell lived at Penleon, in that retirement which was deemed prudent by all cavaliers who had been allowed to compound for their estates, inasmuch as any insurrection might not only prove injurious to themselves, but

* Rushworth, vol. v. p. 744, et passim.

be likewise prejudicial to the interests of their royal master, whose person was in the hands of Parliament, with whom his negotiations, it was politically reported, would most probably terminate amicably, and for the mutual benefit of both King and people. Two fine boys, Maurice and Regulus, strengthened, if possible, the tie which their parent felt for Penleon's inhabitants and walls. Emma was wont to tell her friend, occasionally, that she was too happy. "I have more of bliss, Elizabeth," she said one evening, as they sat in a favourite seat, watching the sun's lingering rays, after it had set mid clouds glowing with autumnal red and gold; "Far more than I dare imagine can last—You sigh?" "It was fancy," replied Elizabeth, starting up; "but, see, my brother comes riding along the valley, and there's a stranger with him. Let us retire." The ladies waited the arrival of

the horsemen ; and, at length, Colonel Powell, throwing open the parlour-door, gaily addressed his companion, "Keep on your cloak and hat, Sir—— ;" then turning to his wife and sister, he continued, "With pleasure I introduce a gentleman to Penleon, who ought to be made most welcome ; for we have all, in days gone by, incurred a debt of gratitude."—It was dusk ; and the figure advanced slowly with its back to the window : Elizabeth rose respectfully ; but, scarcely had her brother finished than she rushed forward ; and, exclaiming, "It is the King !" knelt at the stranger's feet. "This is too much," said he, in great emotion ; and, stooping to raise her, his hat fell, and discovered the features of Henry Dormer. One moment Elizabeth gazed wildly upon him ; and then, hysterically shrieking, "Ah ! Is it thee ?" fell senseless on the floor. When she awoke, in her own si-

lent chamber, Emma was watching over her. She arose; and offended pride was the first symptom of returning consciousness. "Why did my brother expose me so? What must that man think of me?" Emma vainly endeavoured to sooth her that night; and next morning her brother related to her the particulars of a long conversation with Dormer, of which she was the subject. When left alone, she confessed to herself the guilt of feeling somewhat gratified to learn that her quondam^o visionary acquaintance was possessed of great riches, and had received the written thanks of Prince Maurice and the young Prince of Wales, as General of the forces, for important services in the King's cause. "He's certainly brave," she said, musing; "but——" "But, what?" asked Emma, who had entered unobserved, leaning playfully over her shoulder; "My dear Maurice says, that

you must surrender. Nay, he affirms that your heart is too noble to allow your tongue to contradict its real sentiments."

Our limits prevent the relation of minutiae. Suffice it to say, that Llandewy Hall became the abode of Dormer and Elizabeth; a pair on whom the country people gazed with awe as they passed, and then whispered in each other's ears, that many hundred years ago, *all* men and women were like them; and shaking their heads, would add, "But now we are sadly dwindled away, look you."

Not to neglect the humbler characters of our tale, we begin with the trusty Morgan. He became warder and armourer, vice Price, who retired upon a pension; but, we are concerned to state, that the invalid's example of taking unto himself a wife was not followed by his successor. Morgan lived but fo

his master, whose every wish he studied ; and, like Corporal Trim, harangued the good folks in the kitchen, occasionally, with great effect. Hetty married a tenant of the Colonel's, and lived respectably ; but, poor Winny had the misfortune to be entrapped by an itinerant fanatic preacher, with whom she had become acquainted at Gloucester. Having obtained what money she possessed, the reverend gentleman thought fit to decamp, and left his spouse to take care of herself ; which she effectually did, by returning to the service of her former mistress.

It was several years after this event, that a poor miserable looking object presented himself at the castle, and was recognized, by his brogue only, to be Dennis Connel ; who had, according to his own expression, " been martyred a hundred thousand times." We lost sight of him on the morning after Colonel Ba-

got's fall, when he set out from Donington Castle, with a cavalier, to fetch his master's corpse. As they drew near the spot, Dennis pointed to the tawny scarf, flying upon the tree. "Aye," said his companion, "there's the cursed flag: but, he that wore it is in hell ere now." "That's a lie," cried Dennis; forgetting that the cavalier could not know, and that it was his duty to conceal from him, that it was ever worn by his master. But, he spake in the warmth of the moment, and, ere he could apologize, had received a kick which was not to be forgiven. The consequence was a scuffle, during which a party of roundheads came up, the cavalier escaped; but they seized the unfortunate Irishman, who had, unhappily for himself, in the whim of the moment, put on a white scarf as he left the castle that morning, just to see what kind of cavalier he "would look." The poor fellow was instantly

degraded to the rank of pioneer, in which unenviable occupation he continued during the whole of the war, and was turned adrift at its termination. His troubles were at an end when he reached Penleon, and, next to Morgan, he was considered to be the best informed man in the country as to "war matters;" but, the servants said, that the Irishman was apt to shoot with a long bow. His situation was easy in the armoury with Morgan; but he contrived to render it more so after old Rees Price died, by assiduities which were not lost upon the susceptible Margaret. They were married; and kept the inn at Llandewy, upon old Dafydd's retiring to his own "estat," as he called a small cottage, with an acre and half of ground, which he held upon lease for two lives. The Reverend Erasmus Williams scorned not, moreover, occasionally, to quench his thirst at the Diw Taith; inasmuch, as that the

loquacious host recited divers pleasant tales, which, being divested of certain vulgarities of expression, were usually acceptable both at the castle and hall. Poor Winifred Philips returned to her cottage, after much wandering and suffering from the indefatigable spirit of warfare against witchcraft. She lived and died unmolested ; but, it was hinted, that had not squire Dormer taken up her cause, matters would have been different. Captain Jenkins of the *Fanny*, small as his vessel was, made his way to Newfoundland with his wife and family, and returned no more to his native country ; to which, notwithstanding, he occasionally ventured to send *small* quantities of fish, provided there was a chance of obtaining a *large* profit. Old Ayscough fell at the battle of Worcester, lamented even by his enemies. John and Dame Andrews were found by Dormer, after much inquiry, and placed in a farm,

which he had purchased, near Tenby ; as they had vainly struggled to overcome the difficulties produced by the destruction of their little property in Gloucestershire.

The dreadful conclusion of our civil tumults by the martyrdom of a king, to whose personal goodness of character his bitterest foes bore testimony, produced a sensation of horror at Penlcon which we shall not attempt to describe.

During the time of Cromwell's usurpation, Dormer was ever and anon absent for months ; and Elizabeth, it was whispered, had been seen conversing at dead of night with strangers on the mountain or in the park. Before the restoration of King Charles II, the squire of Llandewy was said to have been much with General Monk ; but he had no confident save Elizabeth, who would smile with an expression of self-complacent triumph whenever the subject was men-

tioned, and sometimes cast an approving glance at her Lord. Colonel Powell was created Sir Maurice on a visit to London : but, the King could not reward or remember *all* to whom he had been reduced to owe obligations ; and some affirmed, that Dormer, when his Majesty passed without noticing him one day, looked haughtily, as though he would say, “ Ye had not been where we are, but for such as me.” The monarch happened to turn, and saw the curled lip and swelling nostril. They spake a language which royalty endures not ; and Dormer, too proud to wait for an intimation from any below a crowned head, quitted the court to visit it no more ; and, in retirement, the two families awaited the common lot of mortality. Many years afterward a paper was found at Llandewy Hall by their descendants, on which was written :

A MOUNTAINEER'S PRAYER.

Thou unknown spirit, which my bosom warms !

Grant me, I pray,

A shelter from the world's delusive storms ;

My little day.

O, let me, like the pure spring from the hill,

Bless all around ;

Then, placid as the calm and trickling rill,

Sink in the ground.

And, as the waters, 'changing, yet retain

A form the same ;

So may my children, on their native plain,

Uphold my name.

May honour, love, and peace, long bless their

With honest pride, [roof,

And mad ambition ever keep aloof

From mountain side.

THE END.

